

Agents sending in subscriptions without receipts must state distinctly how they are to be run.
Agents are personally charged with and held responsible for unpaid subscriptions sent in by them.

VOL. XIII. No. 50.

CONGRESSIONAL

THE VANDALIC EXTENT TO WHICH THE COUNTRY'S FERTILITY IS BEING DRAINED.

Republicans and Democrats Gloat Over Figures Whose Real Significance is that the Country is Shipping Abroad to the Tune of Hundreds of Millions' Worth of Dollars the Marrow of the Land's Fertility.

It is not merely in the matter of robbing the United States Treasury by "loans" to the St. Louis Fair Corporation, nor in the matter of disgracing the country by tolerating the international dishonesty by which Colombia was dismembered, but in all other matters of such nature the Democratic minority stands abreast of the Republican majority—a helper, abettor and profligate by the nation's ruin, etc. A further illustration is gathered from the attitude of Congress on farm exports.

A bill came and passed appropriating \$500,000 of which amount \$40,000 are to collect and purchase valuable seeds, plants, etc., from foreign countries for experimental tests to be carried on in co-operation with the agricultural experiment stations, and not less than \$300,000 to be allowed for Congressional free distribution of seeds. A wordy debate broke out in the House upon the subject. No intelligent man can read the debate without coming to the conclusion that all the disputants covered themselves with the disgrace of both dishonesty and ignorance. There were no party lines drawn.

The dispute started with a cheese-paring, Representative Sheppard of Texas. He did not object to a free distribution of seed, he only objected to the amount appropriated, and he thought even the principle was not safe seeing that he had received letters from some of his constituents asking not merely for seed but also a suit of clothes and other articles of personal use, while another Representative stated he had received a letter asking for seed and for a new hat for the writer and for his wife. If seeds are to be distributed free, why not other

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CAPITALISM

(Continued from last week.)

Our working-class representatives have similarly taken on two distinct types during the later development of capitalism. One part has become absolutely degraded. It has sunk lower and lower in the social scale, and consists of gamblers, beggars, thieves, prostitutes, itinerant vendors, confidence men, counterfeits and fakers of every description—in short, into that portion of the proletariat commonly known as the slums. The slums and the useless set are the negative and positive poles of the antithesis which are inseparable from and mutually pervade each other. In fully and debauchery they often intervene and are almost undistinguishable. Like the useless set, the slums need not detain us long. They will play no important part in the coming revolution.

It is the second type that interests us, because it will be the principal actor in future history—the Industrial Proletariat. This part of the working class has been rapidly rising, mentally and morally, and, most of all, in the dignity of its work, and in the feeling of class-consciousness. While it is too true, indeed, that the majority of the working class is still ignorant, degraded and servile, yet, when we remember the degree of ignorance, degradation and servility with which it emerged out of the previous system, then its advance appears really wonderfully rapid.

Now, it is the inherent weakness of capitalism that in order for the capitalists to reach their highest degree, they had to separate themselves from production and substitute wage workers for themselves. Many of these, in consequence, had to be educated in the highest technical, chemical, mechanical, or other sciences, in order to fill the positions. The general tendency, therefore, has been to raise the status of the whole industrial proletariat through the modern educational system, however defective, from a truly educational point of view, that may be for the working class.

Another inherent weakness of capitalism is that the products are commodities, i.e., produced for all. Consequently it is in the interest of the owners to dispose of as many and as rapidly as possible. Hence, an extensive advertising system has been developed for the purpose of stimulating wants for commodities. These ads., of course, are aimed at the masses, as well as anybody else. They

WEEKLY PEOPLE

Lit State Historical Soc X

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1904.

PRICE TWO CENTS 50 CENTS PER YEAR

WEAVERS KEEP AWAY

AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY TRIES TO SCARE NORTH VASSALBORO TEXTILE WORKERS.

Orders Scouring House to Prepare Fifty Rooms—Weavers Refuse to Scare and L. A. 392, S. T. & L. A. Votes to Continue Strike—Should Be Supported Financially—Reasons Why.

(Special to The Daily and Weekly People.)

North Vassalboro, Me., March 4.—The situation with regard to the strike of the woolen and worsted weavers in the mills of the American Woolen Company here, is practically unchanged as far as the attitude of the strikers is concerned. A few days ago the agent of the mills notified the managers of the company boarding house to prepare all their rooms which will accommodate about fifty persons. This is taken to mean that an attempt will be made to import strike-breakers in the hope of starving the natives into submission.

The strikers do not fear much from this move providing they can manage to hold out any length of time, which they feel confident they can do. Men who know how to weave, however hard up, or however devoid of principle they may be, cannot be easily induced to scab a job in a town as far north as Vassalboro without a large city close by. Even the professional scab will not long endure the social ostracism which falls to his lot in a small town and compels him to spend his time in either the mill or the "scab-herding" headquarters provided by his master who, by the way, despises him as heartily as the workers upon whom he is scabbing.

It is much easier to play scab in a large city where one can lose himself in the crowd after his day's "throat-cutting" is over.

Outside of the natives, the weavers who work in the mills up this way are those from the more populous centers of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and who have acquired the roving habit—what our German friends call "Wanderlust"—as a result of running up against such capitalist conditions as a sudden slackening of work, a change in shop conditions rendering them unbearable, etc., which from time to time compel or prompt workers to "jack up" and strike for new fields in search of new masters.

Among those there are few if any who can be induced to act as strike-breakers, and, in fact, under any circumstances, they usually cut their periodic sojourns up in this district rather short. All this is an advantage to the "natives"—those who permanently reside here—and they do not fear much from the expected attempt to import scabs.

A few days ago the agent of the mills, F. H. Jealous, offered to meet a committee of the striking weavers. Three members of L. A. 392, S. T. & L. A., were sent to confer with him and the proposition he made was that all the weavers should apply to the overseer of weaving for their old jobs and if he hired them they could go to work, but those whom he refused to re-employ would have to seek elsewhere for work. Jealous apparently thought this was as far as his "generosity" could go, for he refused to give back the "two picks" which had been taken off, declaring he would not do so under any consideration. He also stated that the weavers would have to live up to the set of "rules" which have been posted up in the mill and against which the weavers have been protesting because of the petty exactions included therein.

Following this, Local Alliance 392 held a meeting and voted to continue the strike. It was after hearing of this action on the part of the strikers and noting their determination to fight, that Jealous notified the boarding house keeper to prepare all the rooms, evidently intending to scare the strikers with the prospect of having scabs imported to take their places.

As before stated, this move is not much feared if the strikers can hold out a while longer, and stay in the town. In order to do this, of course, it is necessary that they be provided with sufficient funds to tide them over that period.

Now, comrades and readers of The People, you all should know what this action on the part of the bosses in the woolen and worsted industry means. It is not so long ago that they tried their game at the other end of the line with the object of forcing upon us the brutal "two-loom" system and de-

priving us of the "extras" for harnesses, shuttles, bad work, etc., by which we managed to get enough out of our labor to at least eke out a half-decent existence. At that time they put the screws on a little too awfully and the determined and well-conducted resistance which was developed by the workers in the industry resulted in the grandest strike in the history of the trade, which was conducted by the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance, which knocked their plans in the head for the time being, and, incidentally did away with a couple of million dollars of their stolen dividends.

Now, they seem to think that the time is becoming ripe for the beginning of a move by which they eventually hope to strike a crushing blow to the spirit of the workers in this industry, but this time they are shrewder and have begun to push the thin end of the wedge in at this end of the line. That is just what the whole thing amounts to and the fact should be recognized by all who do not want to see the workers in the textile industry crushed lower beneath the heel of capitalist exploitation, and a determined effort should be made while there is yet time to strengthen the heads of the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance and spread the knowledge and courage that should go with membership in the only economic organization which can possibly hope to, and that will, put up an intelligent resistance to the capitalist attempts to further degrade the working class, meanwhile teaching them the way to abolish the cause of their degradation by voting the vicious system of capitalism out of existence.

The striking members of L. A. 392 at North Vassalboro, who are bravely resisting the attempt to crush their aspirations and compel their submission to the exacting conditions put upon them, should be upheld and it is up to all who are at all imbued with the proper spirit to support them not merely with abstract expressions of sympathy and approval, but with something more tangible, namely, actual financial assistance.

If this is done and done promptly, the thin end of the American Woolen Company's wedge will be blunted. Let us see that it is!

Later.—North Vassalboro, Me., March 6.—The Selectmen of the town of Vassalboro have posted the following notices throughout the town:

"Attention is called to Chapter 125, Section 21 of the Revised Statutes of the State of Maine, which reads as follows:

"Any employer, employee or other person who by threats of injury, intimidation or force, alone or in combination with others, prevents any person from entering into, continuing in or leaving the employment of any person, firm or corporation, shall be punished by imprisonment for not more than two years or by fine not exceeding five hundred dollars."

"All violations of the above statutes will be prosecuted by us. Constables and police officers in the town of Vassalboro are hereby ordered to arrest all persons detected in the violation of the same."

"O. J. Hussey,
"E. L. Priest,
"George Woodsum.
"Selectmen of Vassalboro."

This is a move in the interest of the American Woolen Co. It is done to intimidate the strikers and prepare the way for the scabs. There is and has been no vestige of violence.

DAILY PEOPLE FESTIVAL.

Concert Programme To Be Rendered by Fritzsche's Boston Band.

The following programme will be rendered by Fritzsche's Boston Band, at the Daily People Festival to be held at Grand Central Palace, on Sunday, March 20, 3 p. m.

CONCERT PROGRAMME.

- Soloists: Mr. Emil Koenigke, cornet; Mr. Franz Hell, flugelhorn; Mr. Thomas B. Senia, xylophone.
1. The Queen of Sheba, Festival Procession, Gounod.
2. Overture: Stradella, Flotow.
3. Fantasia: Carmen, Bizet.
4. Cornet solo, Souvenir de Prog. Koch.
5. Mr. Emil Koenigke, America's greatest, cornetist.
6. Jelly Fellows, Valse, Vollandsted.
7. King Gold, March; Samoset, Characteristic Piece; Semper Unitas, Fritzsche.
8. Xylophone Solo, Murmuring Waves, Senia, Mr. Thomas B. Senia, Boston's favorite.
9. La Paloma, Yndia.
10. Behut Dick Gott; from The Trumpeter of Sakkingen, Nessler. Flugelhorn solo, Mr. Franz Hell, the world's greatest flugelhorn performer.
11. Overture, William Tell, Rossini.
12. Fritzsche's Boston Band is composed of the finest musicians of the country. Most of them have performed with Sousa for years, and are under contract to appear with him at the Metropolitan Opera, House in April.

If you receive a sample copy of this paper it is an invitation to subscribe.

HARTFORD CITY TICKET

SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY ENTERS SPRING MUNICIPAL CAMPAIGN.

The Conditions in the Old Parties—"The Economic League" and the "Labor" Mayor—The De Leon Meeting of March 13, and the Work to Be Accomplished.

Mayor, JACOB BREWER.
Treasurer, CHARLES F. ROBERTS.
Collector, FREDERICK FELLERMAN.
Auditor, CHARLES E. FANTONE.
Marshal, FREDERICK LECHNER.
Clerk, ALBERT GIERGINSKY.

Hartford, Conn., March 3.—On Wednesday, March 2, Section Hartford, S. L. P., nominated the above ticket, to be voted upon on the first Monday in April. This is the main ticket. Other nominations will be added as far as we can supply the demand.

The campaign of this year is absolutely barren of any so-called "issues" with which political tricksters try to sugarcoat their frauds; even that crazy abortion styled "The Economic League," and which, at the last mayoralty election, created some rumpus, has died a natural death before now, the same as all freaks are bound to do.

This, of course, does not by any means that our political atmosphere is absolutely calm and serene; on the contrary, rather all the old political machines and tricksters are working with might and main to get a slice of the political plunder, in the form of fat offices. But they are not raising "important questions" to that end. How to get them, that is the real "issue" with them just now.

Ordinarily, this would be quite easy, if affairs were to be judged by the relative strength of either of the old parties, but here's the rub: neither of them is a solid body, but both of them are subdivided into opposing and hostile factions. Up until lately the Republicans were hunting for a mayoralty candidate, but at present two candidates have assented to accept the nomination, if offered. Of course, each of these would-be candidates is, or will be, the candidate of one or the other faction within the

ST. PAUL'S MUNICIPAL TICKET

Mayor, H. E. CARSTENSEN.
Assembly, M. J. CIKANEK.
ST. PAUL WAGEWORKERS.

Socialist Labor Party Presents Certain Truths for Your Consideration.

Fellow wageworkers—Before casting your ballot on election day, it behooves you, as intelligent voters, to study well and to understand the principles of the various parties that are soliciting your votes. The result of elections of the past has proven that the working class fails to comprehend the connection that exists between its economic conditions of every day life and its political action at the ballot box. It must never be forgotten that the working class is the overwhelming majority of the people. It is the vote of the working class that determines the result of every election. It is certainly apparent to all of us that the conditions under which we must live are constantly growing worse instead of better, in spite of our so-called unprecedented prosperity. The producers of the wealthiest country on earth are stripped of everything that has any semblance to wealth. All that we possess are a few of the most absolute necessities of life. All the factories, mines, workshops, railroads and land of the country, in fact all the means of production are controlled by the capitalist class. The day of the independent worker who owns his own tools and his own workshop is past. Production on a small scale can not compete with production that is carried on with the highly developed machinery. The only thing we have to depend upon for a living is a job. And whoever controls your job controls your very life. The producing class of to-day, being compelled to sell itself for wages, are the slaves of the non-producing, idle capitalist class.

The constant increase and improvement of labor saving machinery, the concentration of capital into the hands of an ever fewer number of capitalists, is producing a scarcity of jobs and an overabundance of wageworkers looking for work. The competition, among the workers, for a chance to work has brought wages down to the point of mere existence. The ever-growing army of unemployed, struggling for a chance to live, enables the employing class to reduce wages to an ever lower standard.

It must be self-evident to even the dullest mind that there can be no harmony between the capitalist class and the working class; that the interests of one class can only be antagonistic to those of the other. In order to raise wages, profits must go down, and vice versa, to increase profits wages must be reduced, or, what amounts to the same thing, the price of the necessities of life is advanced.

With these irrefutable facts at hand let us put to a test the arguments and issues of the political parties, that vie with one another for our votes. The two old parties, Republican and Democratic, advance the argument that the coming municipal election is above party politics; "that the sole object should be to work and vote for such men that are honest, and who will represent the interests of ALL the people." All this is but an attempt on their part to have us forget that we are wageworkers. For, remember, whenever a portion of the working class makes an effort to improve their economic condition, and backs up its demand by a strike, the City Council, whether it be Republican or Democratic, is always on the side of the employers.

Under the pretext of preserving "law and order," the police are at the service of the capitalists, to club the workers into submission. Never yet have we heard of any administration of the city using the political power to force the capitalist class to pay living wages, but to the contrary, always aided them to keep wages down or to reduce them still lower. We must never lose sight of the fact that it is the city government that is first called upon, and the first to respond, to keep the workers in subjection whenever the class struggle between the two economic classes makes itself evident in an open conflict. In the face of these facts, any political party or any individual candidate that declares themselves the representative of ALL the people are either woefully ignorant or willfully treacherous, and in either case deserve nothing but contempt on the part of the working class. And any organization, sailing under the name of trades and labor unions that allow their officers to use such organizations to endorse candidates of capitalist parties, are being misled into the shambles of the capitalist class.

Fellow workingmen, take these things

Republican party, and, inasmuch as only one can be nominated by that party, the all-important question with these people therefore is, what will the faction do that gets defeated?

The Democratic party is in a similar fix. The present Democratic "labor" mayor was enabled to slip into office, because similar conditions prevailed at the last mayoralty election. Although our "non-political" labor fakirs created some rumpus with their funny "Economic League," which was a "labor" side-show conducted in favor of the present mayor, yet, any one familiar with local conditions knows that it contained more noise than substance, and if the Republicans had remained solid, there would not have been even a shadow of a chance for a Democratic "labor" mayor to slip into office, even if all the labor fakirs were combined in his favor.

At present, it seems that one faction of the Democratic party favors the re-nomination of the present mayor, whereas the other faction is strongly opposed to it; but whatever the outcome may be, it is absolutely immaterial to the working class.

At the present status of affairs we know perfectly well that none of the candidates of the Socialist Labor Party will be elected, and, therefore, we will not be carried off by phantastic illusions, nor crushed by "defeat." The occasion being especially favorable, we shall try our best to instill the proper knowledge into the minds of the working class as to the real cause of its misery, and having learned this, it will be only one step further to apply the proper remedy.

Aside from distributing appropriate literature all over the city a few meetings will also be held. In this connection we wish especially to call the attention of the readers of The People in this city, to a meeting which will be held at Germania Hall, Sunday, March 13, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at which Comrade Daniel De Leon of New York will be the speaker.

The mentioning of the name of De Leon will be all sufficient for any member and sympathizer to be present, but this would not realize the purpose in view. All in touch with us must make it their special business to invite as many outsiders as possible, and to enable every one to do something in this line, we have had admission tickets printed, which are to be sold, and which may be obtained at headquarters any evening in the week. The tickets cost only five cents. It should, therefore, be an easy task to sell them. If all do their duty we will have the best attended meeting we ever held in this city. Set to work, comrades! Campaign Committee.

MATTERS IN 'FRISCO

NO OPEN LABOR DISTURBANCE SINCE THE CLOAK MAKERS' BOYCOTT.

Boilermakers Strike in Shops of Southern Pacific in the Coast States—Section San Francisco Continues to Grow and Prosper—Congratulated On Same.

San Francisco, March 1.—There has been little or no open labor disturbance in San Francisco since the calling off of the Cloak and Suit Makers' Boycott. The latest news here is the strike of the boilermakers of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. The president of the local Brotherhood of Boilermakers states that this strike is the result of long and fruitless negotiations with the railroad company, in which an increase of wages is the only item insisted upon. The "Brotherhood" complains of long drawn out discussions, ending in offers of unsatisfactory compromise measures. Not only California, but the whole Southern Pacific system is affected by this strike. On the 27th of February, the boiler makers walked out of the shops in Portland, Oregon, Sacramento, San Francisco, Oakland, Bakersfield, Los Angeles and Tucson. The railroad company, however, claims that the matter is not serious, and will soon be adjusted.

The trouble in the San Francisco Painters' Union has been made more complicated by the interference of the paper hangers, who have allied themselves with the expelled faction and have been promptly thrown out by the Building Trades Council.

Section San Francisco of the S. L. P. continues to grow and prosper. The attractive headquarters at 610 Montgomery street are seldom empty. Street meetings are well attended and the sale of literature steadily increases. Let us be coming in from all over the State congratulating the San Francisco comrades on their new energy.

that were found out before they got into into consideration; think well over them, and then vote for your own class, vote for yourself, vote for your children, vote the public powers of government into the hands of your own class, by voting into power the only party of your class, the Socialist Labor Party. It is a party composed of workmen that does NOT represent the interests of ALL the people, but the interests of the working class alone as against the capitalist class. It is a party that will, when placed into power, use the political weapons of government to win its economic battles. Not merely to get a few cents a day more in wages, but to finally abolish the accursed system of robbery, by declaring the means of production and distribution the property of the people, and to establish the Socialist Republic, under which the producer shall receive the full social product of his toil.

In closing let this be said: You are justified to demand assurance, to demand proof that the Socialist Labor Party will carry out its mandate. As has been said before, the Socialist Labor Party is composed of workmen. Each and every one of them knows what he wants and knows how to get it. The candidates of our Party are responsible for their actions to the organization; and if he proves himself a traitor, he gets a traitor's reward. We have a system of organization that unearths the crook at all times. No grafter can develop in the Socialist Labor Party without being placed where he belongs, namely, on the outside of our organization, where he can do no harm. Just as a Benedict Arnold was of no further use to England, that bribed him to betray the cause of the revolution, just so will a traitor in the ranks of the Socialist Labor Party be pilloried that even our enemy will have no further use for him, because instead of he having sold out his constituents, his constituents will hold him up for public contempt. But there is a certain element in society for which we are no more responsible than you are—an element of incipient criminals that will seize every opportunity, that will make use of everything that might further their own personal interests. There are crooks that become religious hypocrites to bunc the pious; professional strike breakers to take advantage of the misery of the working class; quack doctors to bleed the suffering, and political vagabonds willing to betray the working class. The Socialist Labor Party is a party that has a future before it. Nothing is holy to the political crook. He thinks he sees a chance. He finds his way into the party but is found out and fired out. The Socialist Labor Party has educated the working class to a point where it begins to perceive that Socialism is the issue. The political vagabonds that were fired out of the Socialist Labor Party ally themselves with those

(Continued on page 4.)

The Pilgrim's Shell

FERGAN THE QUARRYMAN

A Tale From the Feudal Times

By EUGENE SUE

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH

By DANIEL DE LEON

Copyright 1904, by the New York Leader News Co.

PART III.—THE COMMUNE OF LAON.

CHAPTER I

THE RISE OF THE COMMUNES.

For centuries Laon had for its temporal seigneur the bishop of the diocese, and figured from the start among the foremost cities of Picardy. Since the Frankish conquest, and down to the date of the events here narrated (1112), Laon constituted a part of the special domains of the kings. Clovis made himself master of the city through the treason of Saint Remy, who baptized that crowned bandit at Rheims. Clovis' wife, Clotilde, founded in the city the collegiate church of Saint Peter, and later Brunhild built a palace there. A bishop of Laon, Adalberon, the paramour of Queen Imma, was her accomplice in the poisoning of Lothair, the father of Louis the Indolent—a homicidal example that was soon imitated upon himself by his Queen, Blanche, another adulterous poisoner, who, through the murder committed by her, confirmed the usurpation of Hugh Capet, to the injury of the last Carolingian king. Charles, Duke of Lorraine, the uncle of Louis the Indolent, having become through the latter's death the heritor of the crown of the Frankish kings, took possession of Laon. Hugh Capet besieged him there, and, after several assaults, succeeded in capturing the city, thanks to the connections that Adalberon, the adulterer and poisoning bishop, had preserved in the place. Since then, Laon continued as a sovereign ecclesiastical seignior, but always under the suzerainty of the French King. In the year 1112, the date of this narrative, the reigning king was named Louis the Lusty. As obese as, but much less indolent than his father, Philip I, the excommunicated lover of the handsome Bertrade who died in 1108, Louis the Lusty did not, like his father, submit to the affronts and vexations of the feudal seigneurs; he waged war to the knife against them to the end of extending with their spoils his own domains, that then took in only Paris, Melun, Compiègne, Etampes, Orleans, Montlhéry, Puteaux and Corbeil. Thus, in addition to the scourge of the private wars among the seigneurs, the people bent under the affliction of the wars of the king against the seigneurs, and of the Normans against the king. The Normans, the descendants of old Rolf the Pirate, had conquered England under their duke William. But, although settled down in that ultramarine country, the Kings of England preserved in Gaul the duchy of Normandy and Gisors, and from thence dominated the territory of Vexin, almost to the gates of Paris, waging incessant war upon Louis the Lusty. Thus Gaul continued to be ravaged by bloody strife, with none other than the people, the serfs and villeins, as the perpetual victims. The wretched agricultural plebs, decimated by the execrable craze of the Crusades, that held out despite the recapture of Jerusalem by the Turks, found itself crushed by a double burden, their decreased numbers being compelled by increased labor to provide for the needs, the prodigalities and the debaucheries of the clergy and the seigneurs.

The bourgeois and other townsmen, better organized, better able to realize their power, above all more enlightened than the serfs of the fields, had revolted in many cities against their lay or ecclesiastical seigneurs, and, by dint of daring, of energy and stubbornness, had, at the price of their own blood, regained their freedom and secured the abolition of the degrading and shameful rights that the feudal families had been long enjoying. A small number of cities, even without resorting to arms, had, by virtue of great pecuniary sacrifices, purchased their enfranchisement from the seigniorial rights, with round sums of money. Delivered from their former secular and cruel servitude, the city populations celebrated with enthusiasm all the circumstances connected with their emancipation. Thus, on April 15, 1112, the bourgeois merchants and artisans of the city of Laon were in gala since early morning. From one side to the other of the streets, male and female neighbors called one another from their windows and exchanged gladness salutations.

"Well, neighbor," said one, "the bright anniversary of the inauguration of our Commune Hall and belfry has arrived!" "Do not mention it, neighbor; I have not slept all night! With my wife and children we were up till three o'clock in the morning burnishing up my iron casque and coat of mail. Our armed militia will add great luster to the ceremony. May God be praised for this great day!"

"And the procession of our artisans' guilds will be no less superb! Would you believe it, neighbor, that I, who during all my life of a carpenter have not, as you may imagine, ever held a needle in my hands, helped my wife to sew together the stripes of our new banner?"

"Thank God, the weather will be beautiful for the ceremony. Look how clear and brilliant the dawn is!"

"Couldn't be otherwise! Such a feast could not lack good weather. I expect that when I shall hear for the first time the peals from our communal belfry every clank will make my heart bound!"

These dialogues and many others, naive testimony of the joy of the inhabitants of Laon, took place along the length of all the streets from house to house, from the humblest to the richest. Almost all the windows, opened since the break of day, exposed to view the laughing faces of men, women and children, all actively engaged with preparations for the festivities.

The gladdest stir in almost all the quarters of the city, rendered all the more striking the gloomy and sombre and, so to say, sullen aspect of a certain number of dwellings of ancient architecture, and whose gates were, as a rule, flanked by two

turrets with pointed roofs, surmounted with a weather-vane. Not a chink of these dwellings, blackish with age, was open on this morning. They belonged to the ecclesiastical dignitaries of the metropolitan church, or to noble knights, who, not owning estates large enough to live in the country, inhabited the cities, and ever sided against the bourgeois and with the lay or ecclesiastical seigneur. Accordingly, in Laon, these clergymen and knights were designated as the *episcopals*, while the inhabitants, who, according to the language of the day, "took the oath of the Commune," were called the *communiers*. The antique turrets of the dwellings of the episcopals were at once a species of fortification and a symbol of the nobility of their origin. On that morning, these dwellings, silent and shut up, seemed to denote the displeasure given to the noble episcopals by the rejoicings of the Laonese laboring classes.

CHAPTER II

THE CHARTER OF LAON.

But there were other dwellings, also flanked with turrets, besides those of the nobles. These others were gaily decorated, and the whiteness of their masonry, contrasting with the aspect of the ancient architecture of the nobles, to which they seemed to be annexes, bespoke a more recent date.

One of these establishments, thus fortified only a short time since, lay at the corner of Exchange street, the leading mercantile thoroughfare of the city. The old door, whose threshold and lintels were of stone, and at either side of which rose two white and high turrets recently built, had been thrown open at the very first break of day, and several townsmen were seen going in and out. They came for certain instructions on the ceremonies. In one of the chambers of this dwelling sat Fergan and Joan the Hunchback. It was about twelve years since they had left the Holy Land. The hair and beard of Fergan, now over forty years of age, began to betray streaks of gray. He was no longer the serf of olden days—restless, savage, tattered. His features breathed happiness and serenity. Equipped almost wholly as a soldier, he wore a jacket of iron mail and a corselet of steel. He was seated near a table at which he wrote. Joan, clad in a robe of brown wool, and wearing on her head a sober bonnet, from under which a long white veil fell upon her shoulders, looked no less blissful than her husband. On the sweet face of this brave mother, once so severely tried, the expression of profound felicity was depicted. At the request of Fergan she had just drawn from an old oaken cabinet a little iron casket, which she placed upon the table where Fergan was writing. The casket, an inheritance from Gildas the Tanner, contained several parchment scrolls, yellow with the age of centuries, besides the several relics so dear to the family of the Gallic chief Joel, and among which was the silver cross of Genevieve, together with the pilgrim's shell that Fergan had taken from Nero-weg VI in the desert of Syria. Fergan had just finished transcribing on a parchment a copy of the communal charter, under which, for the last three years, the city of Laon was free and led a peaceful and flourishing existence. The quarryman wished to join the copy of that charter to the archives of the family of Joel, as a witness of the awakening spirit of freedom of his own days, and of the inexorable resolution of the people to battle against the kings, the clergymen and the seigneurs, descendants or heritors of the Frankish conquest. For the last fifteen or twenty years back, other cities besides Laon, driven to extremities by the horrors of feudalism, had, some through insurrection, others through great sacrifices of money, obtained similar charters, under shelter of which they governed themselves like republics, similar to the heroic and brilliant days of Gaul's independence, centuries before the invasions of the Romans. The copy of the communal charter of Laon, the original of which, deposited in the Mayor's office, bore the name and signature of Gaudry, bishop of the diocese of Laon, and of Louis the Lusty, King of the French, ran as follows:

CHARTER OF THE COMMUNE OF LAON.

I. All men, domiciled within the walls of the city and in its suburbs, belonging to any seigneur who holds as a fief the territory which they inhabit, shall swear allegiance to this Commune.

II. Throughout the full extent of the city each shall render assistance to the other, loyally and to the best of his ability.

III. The men of this Commune shall be free holders of their goods. Neither the King, nor the Bishop, nor any other, shall be entitled to make any levy upon them, except by the judgment of their own town council.

IV. Each shall, on all occasions, observe fidelity towards those who shall have taken the oath of the Commune, and shall aid them with deed and advice.

V. Within the limits of the Commune, all the men shall mutually help one another, according to their power; and they shall in no wise, whatever it be, suffer the seigneur, Bishop or any other, to distraint any property from them, or compel them to pay imposts.

VI. Thirteen Councilmen shall be elected by the Commune. One of these councilmen shall be elected Mayor by the suffrage of all those who shall have taken the oath of the Commune.

VII. The Mayor and the Councilmen shall make oath to favor no person by reason of friendship, and to render an equitable decision in all matters, according to their powers; all others shall take the oath of obedience and to sustain with arms the decisions of the Mayor and Councilmen. When the bell of the belfry shall sound to assemble the Commune, anyone who does not attend shall pay a fine of twelve sous.

VIII. If anyone injure a man who shall have taken the oath of the Commune of Laon, a complaint being lodged with the Mayor and Councilmen, they shall, after due trial, enforce justice upon the body and property of the guilty party.

IX. If the guilty party takes refuge in a fortified castle, the Mayor and Councilmen shall notify the seigneur of the castle, or his lieutenant. If in their opinion satisfaction shall have been rendered against the guilty party, that will suffice; but if the seigneur refuses satisfaction, they shall themselves enforce justice upon the property and upon the men of said seigneur.

X. If any member of the Commune shall have entrusted his money to some one of the city, and he to whom the money has been so entrusted takes refuge in some strong castle, the seigneur having been notified, shall either return the money, or drive the debtor from his castle. If the seigneur does neither, justice shall be enforced upon his goods and his men.

XI. Whenever the Mayor and the Councilmen shall desire to fortify the city, they shall be free to do so on whatever seigneur's territory it may be.

XII. The men of the Commune shall be free to grind their corn, and bake their bread wherever they please.

XIII. If the Mayor and Councilmen of the Commune require money for the use of the city, and raise a tax, they may levy the same on the inheritance and property of the townsmen, and on the sales and profits made in the city.

XIV. No stranger, a copy-holder of any Church or seigneur, and established outside of the city and its suburbs, shall be included in the Commune without the consent of his seigneur.

XV. Whosoever shall be received in this Commune shall build a house within the space of one year, or shall purchase vineyards, or shall bring into the city moveable property, to the end that justice may be enforced, should a complaint be raised against him.

XVI. If anyone slander the Mayor in the exercise of his functions, the slanderer's house shall be demolished, or he shall pay ransom for the same, or he shall deliver himself to the mercy of the Councilmen.

XVII. No one shall molest or vex the strangers of the Commune. If any dare do so, he shall be deemed a violator of the Commune, and justice shall be enforced upon his person and his property.

XVIII. Whosoever shall have wounded with arms any one who, like himself, shall have taken the oath of the Commune, then, unless he justifies his act under oath or with witnesses, he shall lose his hand, and shall pay nine livres; six for the fortifications of the city and of the Commune, three for the ransom of his hand. If he is unable to pay, he shall leave his hand at the mercy of the Commune.

Fergan had just finished transcribing the charter, when the door of his room opened. Colombaik stepped in. A young and comely wife of eighteen years at the most accompanied him. The son of the quarryman, a fine strapping young man of twenty-two, united in the expression of his face the sweetness of his mother and the energy of his father. Like the latter, he also was clad half townsman half soldier. His casque of black steel, ribbed with shining iron, imparted a martial air to his pleasing and open countenance. He carried a heavy cross-bow on his shoulder. From his right side hung a leather hostler that held the bolts needed for his weapon. His wife, Martine, only daughter of the old age of Gildas, the elder brother of Bezenecq the Rich, was of the age and endowed with the charms of Isoline, a victim like her father of the cupidity of Nero-weg VI. "Father!" Colombaik cried out joyfully upon entering the room and alluding to his war-like outfit, "in your quality of constable of our bourgeois and artisan militia, do you find me worthy of figuring in the troop? Does Colombaik, the soldier, make you forget by his martial outfit Colombaik, the townsman and tanner?"

"Thank heaven, Colombaik the soldier will not, I hope, have occasion to blot out Colombaik the tanner," put in Joan with her sweet smile, "any more than Fergan the constable will have occasion to blot out Fergan the master quarryman. You will both continue to battle, you with your beaters against the hides in the tannery, your father with his pick against the stones of his quarry. Is not that your hope and desire, dear Martine?" Joan added, turning to the wife of her son.

"Certainly, my good mother," responded Martine. "Fortunately they are far behind, those evil days when the bourgeois and artisans of Laon, in order to escape the exactions of the bishop, of the clergymen, and of the knights, often had to barricade themselves in their houses and sustain a regular siege; and when, but too often, despite their resistance, their houses were entered and they were carried to the episcopal palace, where they were tortured for ransom. What a difference, my God, since we have been living under the Commune! We now are so free, so happy!" But Martine added with a sigh: "Oh, I regret that my poor father did not live to witness the change! His last moments would not have been saddened by the untidiness that our future gave him. Seeing the terrible acts of violence indulged in by Bishop Gaudry, together with the nobles, against the inhabitants of Laon, acts that might any day have reached us as they reached so many others among our neighbors, my father always had before him the frightful fate of my uncle Bezenecq and his poor daughter Isoline!"

"Be at ease, my dear wife," rejoined Colombaik; "those accursed days shall not return! No, no! To-day old Gaul bristles with free Communes, as three hundred years ago it bristled with feudal castles. The Communes are our fortresses! Our belfry tower is our donjon. We no longer have to fear the seigneurs!"

"Ah, Martine, my sweet child," said Joan with deep emotion to the wife of her son, "happier than we, you happy youngsters will not see your children and your husbands enduring the horrors of servitude."

"Yes, we, the bourgeois and artisans of the cities are emancipated," Fergan rejoined pensively; "but serfdom presses as cruelly now as in the past upon the serfs of the fields. I fought, for that reason, with all my power, the clause in our charter that excludes from the Commune the serfs living outside of the village, or those who do not possess money enough to build a house here. Is it not to exclude them, when the consent of their seigneurs, or a sufficient sum with which to build a house in the city is required from them, who own not even their own arms? And yet, that sole wealth of the industrious man is equal to any other." Turning then to Martine: "Oh, the father of your father and of Bezenecq spoke like a whole-souled and wise man when, years ago, while vainly inciting the townsmen to the insurrections that are to-day breaking out in so many cities of Gaul, he aimed, not at the revolt of the bourgeois and artisans merely, but also at that of the serfs. Serfs and bourgeois united would not be long in crushing the seigniories. But reduced to its own forces, the task of the bourgeoisie will be long and arduous. . . . We must be prepared for fresh struggles."

"And yet, father," interposed Colombaik; "since the day when, in consideration of a good round sum, the bishop renounced his seigniorial rights and sold us our freedom for cash, has he ever dared to ride the high horse against us,—he, that brutal Norman warrior, who, before the establishment of the Commune, had the eyes of townsmen put out and often killed them for the mere offense of having condemned his acts of shameful debauchery,—he, who in his own cathedral, only four years ago, killed with his own hands the unhappy Bernard des Bruyeres? No, no; despite his wickedness, Bishop Gaudry knows full well that, if, after pocketing our money as a consideration for giving his consent to our Commune, he were to try to return to his former practices, he would pay dear for his perjury. Three years of freedom have taught us to prize the sacred boon. We would know how to defend it, arms in hand, like the Communes of Cambrai, Amiens, Abbeville, Noyon, Beauvais, Rheims, and so many others."

"For all that, Colombaik," remarked Martine, "I cannot help trembling when I see Black John, that African giant, who once was the bishop's hangman, cross the streets of our city. That negro seems ever to be plotting some act of cruelty, like some savage beast, that but waits for some opportune moment to snap his chain."

"Be at ease, Martine," Colombaik answered with a smile. "The chain is solid, no less solid than that which holds that other bandit, Thiegaud, the serf of the Abbey of St. Vincent, and fa-

vorite of Bishop Gaudry, who familiarly calls him his friend 'Yeengrin,' a name given by children to the companion of the wolf. But, would you believe it, mother, that Thiegaud, a fellow stained with all imaginable crimes, that abominable reprobate, yet adores his daughter!"

"Even the wild beasts love their young ones," answered Joan. "Did not Worse than a Wolf, our former seigneur, with whom your father fought when we were in Palestine, weep when he thought of his son?"

"That's true, mother; and so it is with this other wolf Thiegaud. The tenant of the little farm that your father left us, my dear Martine, was telling me yesterday that a short time ago Thiegaud's daughter came near dying, and he was almost crazed with grief. Moreover the wretch is as jealous of the chastity of his daughter as if he himself had led a clean life! The scamp tried to rob us, I am sure. When our tenant mentioned Thiegaud's name to me it was because the fellow pretended to want to buy in the name of the bishop, who is a passionate hunter, as you know, a young colt raised on our meadow."

"Take care!" said Fergan warningly. "The bishop is over head and ears in debt. If you sell the horse you will receive no money."

"I know the fine sire! I told our tenant: 'If Thiegaud pays cash for the horse, sell it to him; if not, don't.' The days are gone by when the seigneurs had the right to buy on credit, which is to say, the right to buy without ever paying. To try and compel them to pay was tantamount to placing liberty and even life in jeopardy. To-day, however, if the bishop should dare rob a communier, the Commune would enforce justice upon the episcopals, whether they willed it or not. That's the text of our charter, signed, not by the bishop only, but also by King Louis the Lusty—a signature, 'tis true, that we paid dearly for."

"We paid for it through the nose," rejoined Fergan. "That gross king chaffered and haggled for two days on a stretch. Our friend Robert the Eater was one of the communiers sent to Paris three years ago to secure our charter. What a gang of out-throats make up that court! To start with, it was necessary to generously oil the palms of the royal councilors in order to dispose them in our favor. Louis the Lusty then wanted to have the proposed sum increased by a fourth, then by a third. Finally, over and above the redemption of his ancient rights of quarter and stabling for himself and his army, whenever he visited the city, he demanded the annual use of three houses, and if he did not avail himself of them, an equivalent of twenty livres a year, and three years in advance. You must admit, my children, that it is selling rather dear those 'rights of crown,' as they call them, monstrous rights, born of the iniquitous and bloody deeds of the conquest."

"So it is, father," answered Colombaik; "we may well say that, in selling to us for their weight in silver, what they please to call their rights, the king and his seigneurs act like highway-men, who put the dagger to your throat and say: 'I robbed you yesterday; now give me your purse, and I shall not rob you to-morrow.'"

"It is better to yield your money than your blood," said Joan. "By dint of work and privation one may recover his savings, and one is at least freed from those fearful savages, whom I cannot think of without shuddering."

"Moreover, father," put in Martine, "it seems to me we need all the less fear the return of the tyranny of the seigneur, seeing that the king hates them as much as we, and fights them to the knife. We hear every day of his wars against the large vassals, of the battles he fights with them, and of the provinces he plucks them of."

"But, children, who profits by war? Who is it that pays the piper for the ravages it causes? The people. Yes, the King hates the seigneurs because from century to century they seized upon a large number of provinces, that one time belonged to the Frankish crown when it conquered Gaul. Yes, the King fights the seigneurs to the knife, but likewise does the butcher wage relentless war against the wolves who devour the cattle intended for the shambles. That's the reason of the hatred of Louis the Lusty and the prelates towards the lay seigneurs. Church and royalty desire to annihilate the seigneurs in order themselves to lead at will the plebs cattle, bequeathed to them by the conquest. Oh, my children, my heart is full of hope. But so long as serfs, artisans and bourgeois shall not stand united against their hereditary enemies, the future looms up before me big with new perils. Happier than our forefathers, we have initiated a holy struggle, our children will have to continue it through centuries to come."

"And yet, father, are we not now living in absolute peace and prosperity, free from crushing imposts, governed by magistrates of our own choice, who have no object other than the public weal? Our city becomes daily more industrious and affluent. The bishop and his episcopals can not be hair-brained enough to seek to restore old conditions and assail our liberty. We have weapons wherewith to defend ourselves!"

"My child, if we wish to preserve our franchises, we must redouble our vigilance and energy, and keep ourselves ever ready for the fray."

"Why preoccupy ourselves so much about the future, father? Why should we have to redouble our vigilance?"

"Bishop Gaudry and the nobles of the city used to subject us, at their will and without mercy, to crushing imposts and hateful rights. We said to them: 'Renounce forever your rights and your annual taxes; emancipate us; subscribe to our Commune; we shall give you a considerable sum in full future payment.' Now, then, these idle people, wasteful and covetous, thought only of the present and accepted our offer. By this time, however, the money has been spent, or there is little of it left. They are regretting that, in the language of the story, they killed the goose that lay the golden eggs. They are seeking to break the contract."

"What!" cried out Colombaik. "They would contemplate breaking the pact that they freely entered into?"

"Listen to me," interposed Joan. "I do not wish to exaggerate the apprehensions of your father for the future. Nevertheless, I believe to have noticed—" but breaking off she continued: "After all, I may have been mistaken—"

"What have you in mind, mother?"

"Can it be that you have not noticed that for some time back the knights, the city clergy, in short, all the folks of the party of the bishop, whom they call the episcopals, have been deporting themselves with a swaggering air towards the townsmen and artisans in the streets?"

"You are right, Joan," remarked Fergan pensively. "I have been struck, less, perhaps, by the swagger of the episcopals, than

(Continued on Page 6.)

The Pilgrim's Shell

(Continued from Page 2.)

by the insolence of their menials. It is a grave symptom, an indication of their resentment."

"Good! A ridiculous rancor, and nothing else!" said Colomba, smiling disdainfully. "Those holy canons and their noble pursuivants do not forgive the bourgeois for being free like themselves, and for having, like themselves, and when they please, turrets to their houses—a pleasure that I have bestowed upon myself, thanks to the finest stones of your quarry, father. Thus, our tannery could now sustain a siege against those ill-tempered episcopals. Besides, I have contrived for Martine a pretty little alcove in one of the turrets, and her initials, cut by me in copper, glisten in the weather-vane from the top of our turrets, just as the initials of a lady of rank."

"It will, no doubt, be more than ever well to have a strong house," observed Fergan. "It is not the weather-vanes on our turrets, but thick walls that trouble the episcopals."

"They will have to become accustomed to our strong houses. If not, by heaven—"

"No passion, Colomba," put in the benign Joan, again interrupting the impetuous young man. "Your father has made the same observation that I did; and since the retainers of the knights look provoking, their masters must be near becoming so themselves. This morning's ceremony will surely, for more reasons than one, attract a large number of episcopals along the line of the procession. For heaven's sake, my child, no rashness!"

"Do not alarm yourself, Joan," rejoined Fergan, "we are too conscious of our good rights and of the strength of the Commune, not to keep cool in sight of mere insolence. But prudence does not exclude firmness."

Hardly had the quarryman pronounced these words when the door flew open, and a young and attractive woman entered with a pert air. She was a brunette, sprightly and handsomely dressed, like the rich bourgeois that she was. An orange-colored silk petticoat was fastened to her exquisite waist with a silver belt; her skirt, made of fine Arras cloth and bordered with marten fur, hardly reached her knees; on her black hair, that shone like jet, she wore a bonnet, red like her stockings, which set off her well-shaped calves; finally, her feet were shod in smart shoes of shining Morocco leather. Simonne, that was her name, was the wife of Ancel Quatre-Mains, a master baker, renowned throughout the city of Laon and even the suburbs, for the excellence of his bread, his cream tarts, his honey cakes, his almond wafers and other dainties that were confectioned in his shop. He also drove the trade of flour merchant, and the Commune had chosen him one of its Councilmen. Ancel Quatre-Mains—the name was due to his prodigious quickness in kneading the dough—presented a singular contrast to his wife, as calm and thoughtful as she was pert and giddy-headed, as chary of words as she was loquacious, as corpulent as she was lithesome. Her physiognomy betokened imperturbable good-nature, coupled in his instance with a lively sense of justice, a generous heart, and extraordinary skill at his trade.

Wishing to please his pretty wife, whom he loved as much as he was loved by her, the master baker had harnessed himself in war accoutrements. A large number of townsmen, until then deprived of the right to carry arms—a right exclusively reserved to the seigneurs, the knights and their pursuivants—found a pleasure and a triumph in such martial arrays. Ancel Quatre-Mains only slightly shared their taste; but in order to suit Simonne, who was greatly captivated by the military garb, he had put on a gobson, a species of strongly bolstered and thick leather corselet, that, not having been measured for him, pressed in his chest and caused his prominent stomach to protrude still more. On the other hand, his iron casque, much too large for him, kept falling over his eyes, an inconvenience that the worthy baker corrected from time to time by pushing his unlucky headgear to the back of his head. At times his legs also got entangled with the long sword that swung from a buff shoulder-belt, embroidered with red silk and silver thread by Simonne herself, who wished to imitate the tokens of approval bestowed by the noble ladies upon their gallant knights. Ancel had long been the friend of Fergan, who loved and esteemed him greatly. Simonne, brought up with Martine and slightly her senior, cherished her like a sister. Thanks to their close neighborhood, the two young women visited each other every day after the routine of their household and even trade duties had been attended to, because, if Martine helped Colomba in several departments of his tannery, Simonne, who was no less industrious than lovable, leaving to Ancel and his two apprentices the care of preparing the bread, would confection with her own pretty hands, as white as the wheat flour that they handled, the delicious cakes that the townsmen and even the noble episcopals were so fond of.

Simonne stepped in the house of her neighbor with her habitual pertness. But her charming face, no longer smiling and happy as usual, was now expressive of lively indignation, and entering a few steps ahead of her husband, she cried out: "The insolent wretch! As true as Ancel is called Quatre-Mains, I would have wished, 'pon the word of a Picardian woman, that I had four hands to slap her face, noble dame though she be! The old hag, as ugly as she is wicked and quarrelsome!"

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Fergan smiling, knowing well the nature of Simonne, "you, ordinarily so gay and full of laughter! You seem highly incensed, neighbor!"

"What has happened, Simonne? Who has excited your anger to such a pitch?" added Martine.

"Trifles," said the baker, shaking his head and answering the questioning looks of Fergan, Joan and Colomba; "it is nothing, good neighbors."

"How so? . . . Nothing!" cried out Simonne, turning with a start to her husband. "Oh! According to you such insolence must pass unperceived!"

The baker again shook his head, and, profiting by the opportunity to be rid of his casque, that pressed him heavily, he placed it under his arm. "Oh! It is nothing!" proceeded Simonne, now addressing Fergan and Joan. "I take you for judges. You are wise and thoughtful people."

"And what are we two, Martine and I?" queried Colomba, laughing merrily. "So, then, you discard us?"

"I do not take you for judges, neither you nor Martine, because you would be too much of my opinion," replied Simonne; "Master Fergan and his wife are not, as far as I know, suspected of being hot-heads! Let them decide whether I am angry Four-handed."

at nothing," she said, shooting a fresh look of indignation at the baker, who, greatly incommode by his long sword, had sat down, placing it across his knees after laying his casque on the floor. "This is what happened," Simonne proceeded: "Agreeable to the promise I yesterday made to Martine of coming for her this morning to assist at the inauguration of our belfry, Ancel and I left the house early. Going up Exchange street we passed before the window of the fortified house of Arnulf, a nobleman of Haut-Pourcin, as he styles himself."

"I know the seigneur of Haut-Pourcin," observed Colomba; "he is one of the bitterest episcopals in town."

"And his wife is one of the most brazen she-devils that ever joined a caterwauling!" cried out Simonne. "Judge for yourselves, neighbors. She and her maid were standing at one of the lower windows when Ancel and I went by. 'Look at her,' she said in a loud voice to her maid, laughing obstreperously; 'look at the baker's wife, how she struts in new clothes with her petticoat of Lombard silk, silver belt and skirt bordered with marten fur! May God pardon me! To see such creatures daring to put on silk and rich furs like us noble ladies, instead of humbly keeping to a petticoat of linsey-woolsey and a skirt hemmed with cat's skin, the proper clothing for the base station in life of these villains! What a pity! Fortunately her yellow dress is of the color of her pastry and her bannocks! It will serve them for ensign!'"

"That's only in favor of the excellent baking of Simonne's cakes, no so, neighbors?" put in the baker, "because, when the bannock comes out of the oven, it should be yellow as gold."

"See what a fool I am! I failed to take the words of the noble woman for a compliment!" Simonne resumed, saying: "But I answered her insolence plump and plain: 'The word of a Picardian woman, upon it, Dame Haut-Pourcin, if my petticoat is the ensign of my bannocks, your face is the ensign of your fifty years, despite all your cosmetics, and all your affectations of youth, of maidenhood and of freshness!'"

"Oh!" Colomba broke out laughing. "An excellent answer to the old fairy, who, indeed, is always dressing like a young girl. There you have the nobility! The pretty dresses of our women trouble them as much as the turrets of our houses. Let them split with rage!"

"My answer struck home," proceeded Simonne. "The dame of Haut-Pourcin shook like a fury at the bars of her window, yelling: 'You street-walker! . . . You gallows-bird! . . . To dare to talk that way to me! . . . You vile emancipated scurf! . . . But patience! . . . Patience! . . . I shall soon have you cow-hided by my servants!'"

"Oh, oh! As to that," I answered her, 'do not talk nonsense, Dame Haut-Pourcin,' put in the baker; 'the days are gone by when the noble dames had the woman of the bourgeois beaten!'"

"Yes," added Simonne with indignation, "and do you know what that harpy replied, while shaking her fist at Ancel? 'Off with you,' said she, 'you lumbering churl! The vile bourgeoisie will not much longer talk so big! Soon we will no longer see clowns wearing the casques of knights, and jades like your wife, wearing silk petticoats paid for by their paramours,' saying which, Simonne, whose anger had until then been shaded with frolicsome animation, became purple with confusion. Two tears rolled down her large black eyes, and she added in a moved voice: 'Such an outrage . . . to me . . . And Ancel says that's nothing! Such an outrage exasperates me!'"

"Come now, be cool. Are you not as honorable a woman as

you are an industrious housekeeper?" said the baker affectionately approaching Simonne, who was wiping off her tears with the back of her hand. "That stupid insult cannot touch you, my dear, and does not even deserve to be remembered."

"Ancel is right," said Fergan. "That old woman is gone crazy. Crazy people's words do not count. But, friends, there is this about it. We must recognize that the insolence of the episcopals increases from day to day. Those allusions to former times foreshadow an evil intent on their part. It is well to be forewarned."

"What, father, will those people be so badly advised as to think of attacking our Commune? Is their insolence to be taken notice of? Will it be necessary for us to place ourselves on our guard against their evil designs?"

"Yeast that ferments is always sour, my child," replied the baker, reclining his head pensively. "The remark of your father is just. The provocations of the episcopals have a secret cause. I was just saying to Simonne: 'It is nothing!' I now say: 'It is something!'"

"Very well! Let it be so! Let them dare!" cried out Colomba. "We are ready for those noblemen and clergymen, for all the tonsured fraternity and their bishop to boot!"

"And if the women take a part, as at the insurrection of Beauvais," exclaimed Simonne, clenching her little fists, "I, who have no children, shall accompany my husband to battle, and the dame of Haut-Pourcin will pay dear for her insults. 'Pon the word of a Picardian woman, I shall slap her insolent face as dry as an Easter wafer!"

The good baker was smiling at the heroic enthusiasm of his pretty wife when the peel of a large bell was heard from a distance. Fergan, his family and neighbors, listened to the sonorous and prolonged sound with a tremor of joy.

"Oh, my friends!" said Fergan with emotion, "do you hear it sound for the first time from the belfry of our Commune? Do you hear it? To-day it summons us to a feast; to-morrow it will call us to the meeting of the council where we attend to the business of the city; some day it will give us the signal for battle. A belfry of the people! Your voice of bronze, at last awakening ancient Gaul from her slumber, has given the signal for the insurrection of the Communes!"

While the quarryman was speaking, all the bells of the churches of Laon began to chime in with the peals of the belfry. The deafening clangor soon dominated and completely drowned the isolated tinkling of the communal bell. This rivalry of bell-ringing was no accident, nor yet a token of sympathy. It was an affront, premeditated by the bishop and his partisans. They realized the patriotic importance that the communists of Laon attached to the inauguration of the symbol of their emancipation, and decided to mar the festivity.

"Oh, those friars! Always spiteful and hypocritical until the day when they deem themselves strong enough to be merciless!" exclaimed Colomba. "Have your way, ye black-gowns! Ring at your loudest! The canting bells of your churches shall not silence our communal belfry! Your bells rings mankind to servitude, to imbecility, to the renunciation of their dignity; the belfry gathers them to fulfil their civic duties and to defend freedom! Come, father, come! The bourgeois militia must by this time be assembled around the pillars of the market-place. You are constable and I a captain-of-ten. Let's start. Do not let us be waited for. Liberty or death!"

(To be Continued.)

BEBEL'S DRESDEN SPEECH

As before, so hereafter, we shall remain in a certain isolation and in the most severe opposition. Naturally this does not exclude our acceptance of concessions, when we can get them and when it seems worthwhile. Of course, we very often have differed as to the value of these concessions. The "right wing" of the delegation—to use this expression—regarded favorably the smallest concessions, even when they were, according to my conviction, totally insignificant. I have said to myself: Why should I vote for these wee concessions, which we will get just the same, without my vote. Why should I parliamentary commit myself to a certain degree, by voting for this concession? But whenever we come to the conclusion, that a concession was of value, we voted for the same. When the last amendment to the accident-insurance law was offered we battled royally, blows came down like hail and finally by a vote of 14 against 13 the delegation resolved to accept the amendment. After we had thus voted, Dr. Jastrow, whom Omar described yesterday as one of the social sugar-water-vendors, wrote in the "Frankfurter Zeitung" it was unheard-of, that even the Social-Democracy should have voted for this paltry amendment."

Such were the fights in the delegation and I tell you openly that in its new composition these fights will not decrease, but increase. That, which I designated before, as the "right wing" of the delegation, will be able, in the new Reichstag, to enter gain the upper hand than formerly, and, therefore, I consider it necessary, that the party should get a clear view of the situation, and, so to say, dictate tactics to the delegation. (Great applause.) As far as possible. Naturally it is not to be thought that the convention should positively define the exact position of the delegation on all questions.

The convention can only give directions, point out the route of march. If it does this, the delegation has to march accordingly, whether it will or not. (Heine: "uite right!") It surely will be a "must" for you comrade Heine, it is self-evident. Still it would be much nicer, if it were different, for then it would be: Throw him out, who don't play! (Great applause) This is a purely subjective remark, without any personal reflection. When the convention gives directions to the delegation, the latter

has to act in accordance with the same. If the convention gives the conviction that serious indiscretions have been committed by the delegation it naturally will at once proceed to sharply criticize. Certainly thereafter affairs would be different. This in a general way, is the political and parliamentary situation, as I see it. The party must get clear on this, and the standpoint, which we occupy, must be as clear and transparent as crystal or glass, there must not exist anything, which should, even in the slightest degree, create the possibility for the opponent to exclaim: "these then are the results of this mighty victory," the Social Democracy shares the common lot of all the previous bourgeois parties; when they have grown to a certain height, they tumble down, give up their principles and that is the end of them. ("Quite right!")

In a good many respects we have become the heirs of the bourgeois parties but not in the sense of Heine's article in the "Monatshheften," that we had to "replace" the bourgeois liberalism, no, but, that we have to improve on it. (Heine exclaims: "I wrap to fulfil what it intended! This seemed to improve on it!") To replace and to fulfill, but I do not conceive this in the same sense as you. (Cries) Afterwards you have the right, to say this. The party press—and this is to be regretted—has not conceded to this article the same significance as I. I have already made known my views of this, your expression. It states in the article: "Ever clearer appears the duty of the Social Democracy, not to simply dispose the liberal parties, but to replace them." ("Hear! Hear!") If I replace somebody, who has been disposed, that means I shall fulfill what he has done until now and is not able to do any longer. You (addressing Heine) are a lawyer, a philologist, a man who has studied logic, and we certainly demand of an article, which to a certain degree represents a programme, that it be clear, that it be unnecessary to dispute as to its import. (Heine exclaims: "Read farther!") It states here further: . . . "in understanding, not to dissolve the ideas of civic and mental liberty, but to fulfill them." Well, honored comrades, have we then not done this up to now? Have we perhaps up to now opposed in the Reichstag the ideas of civic and mental liberty? Have we not exerted ourselves up to now "to fulfill" in your sense and even further?

In this disputing about conceptions will happen to us more frequently during

this whole debate. You already have experienced it. Bernhard wrote an article about the import of which there could be no doubt. But he said: "Well, I did not mean to say that, but I was unable to clearly express myself; I regret to have done it, and I promise not to repeat it."

In this case, as element judges, we had to say: "If you did something, about the significance of which you were not quite clear, we certainly have to pardon you."

Then came Gohre with the article in the "Zukunft"—which he had not read. When his attention was called to it by "The Neue Zeit," he did not concede it any significance. When I characterized his proceeding, he lost his temper, became enraged, needed me in the coarsest language and declared he was simple enough—not according to the letter, but according to the sense—not to have conceived the proper import of the article of the "Neue Zeit," etc.

Let us not deceive ourselves. It will be said again, that this one has not expressed himself clearly, that it was not intended to say that which the logical reading of the letter conveys. And, at last, it might happen, as in Hannover and later on, that, although, after days of disputing a resolution is accepted, still the disagreement remains just the same as before. (Assent.)

Let no one talk of unity or the union in the Party! Did not Brown sing already yesterday to this tune of union in the party! It is not true. I deny it most positively; never and at no time were we disunited to a larger extent than we are now; never and no time were the disagreements greater than at the present time! ("Quiet right!")

To cover this up, to again sugar-coat it, I, for my part, am thoroughly tired of it! (Stormy applause.)

For twelve years, ever since the great debate with Voller at Erfurt, I have had to swallow so much, have been excited to anger so frequently, and over and over have been led into leading the hand towards the overbridging of the contrapositions, that I finally said to myself: "I cannot go any further in this way. We have now positively to come to a clear understanding, make a clean sweep and debate the matter as thoroughly as possible." (Commotion.)

As is well known, the basis of this entire new "revisionist" movement is the book of Bernstein, who, at that time, had the good luck to be in London; for since he had occasion to come to Germany, of which I am right glad and

which to bring about I have contributed to as much as possible—since he has been active in Germany, he has, as far as I can see, not gained in reputation, but lost (numerous "Quite right!") not only with the Revisionists, but also with his friends, the revisionists, and with these the most. ("Quite right!") What all has of late not been said to this man, who at first was welcomed jubilantly like a Nemiah by his friends, who awaited the declaration of a new gospel, of a new creed, of new tactics, by him! ("Quite right!") Now suddenly rises the cry: Stone him! stone him! Not because he retracted even one word of what he said, but because, according to the opinion of his friends, he has expressed himself too clumsily or even too decidedly. ("Very good!") On that account they have criticized him so harshly, and even said: "If this continues he will have to leave the Party!" None of us, so far thus spoken, but this cry has been flung at Comrade Bernstein by those who, until lately, have been regarded as his adherents. Bernstein has become, so to say, "the enfant terrible" of his friends. (Laughter.) But, as his standing had already been discredited to a large extent, therefore, to the first demand of Bernstein, to elect a vice-president who even would have to comply with the duty of attendance at the Reichstag, no great importance was attached.

It was by me—my letters to Auer can testify to that. It aggravated me, that the subject should have been broached at all, because I reflected: Could Bernstein—even from his own standpoint—do anything more foolish, more mischievous, at a moment, when the greatest joy over the success of election awaits the party, and when, with the exception of a very small minority, the whole party had become convinced that now is the time to gather the fruits of this victory, to advance, to proceed to the attack, to grasp firmer, to surpass all former efforts by the strength of greater numbers—than to come at this great moment with the vice-president question. (Laughter and Applause.) and to declare: "It should not bother us, even if we have to attend court functions." And that at a moment, when the speeches of Breslau and Essen (here Bebel refers to the bitter arraignment of the Social Democratic Party by Emperor William at the above mentioned towns. Note of the translator.) still burn upon the face of every Social-Democrat, as if he had actually received a slap on the cheek of the most effective kind! (Long

stormy applause and assent.) That, at a moment, when it became clearer and clearer to any one, who possesses a modicum of reasoning power, what is in preparation above—that, at a moment, when we had to reflect: Our conflict is with a representative of the reigning power, who has often declared: "In the last instance the army is here, in order to march against the internal enemy!" (Renewed, prolonged assent.) Does Bernstein believe that all this has been effaced from the memories of Germany's proletarians? (Great assent.) Does he believe that any one of us doubts in the least but that the tremendous power, which this man commands on sea and land, will be put in readiness the day, when, in his opinion, the time to attack us has arrived. Have the words uttered been forgotten: "At command you have to shoot at father and mother!" He who cannot look into this, does not understand this, had better cease to play politics! (Stormy, long continued applause.)

Bernstein had, in my estimation, already lost a good deal of prestige, and as far as I could observe, from my tower on Kussnacht (Great laughter) a large portion of the Party press has not found it worth while to seriously oppose him. But it maddened me, that the great moment should be disturbed by this clumsy touch. Still one thing I will tell you: Even if I have been blamed by a large portion of the party press—also by the contingent, which generally does not oppose me in regard to questions of tactics—still on the other side—and I can prove it black or white—as long as I have been active in the party, and you know, for years there have been hard fights with in the party—never have I received from the ranks of the Comrades as many expressions of approval as at the present time. Our Comrades rejoice when the right word comes at the right time. (Hilarity and applause.)

Never have I received from the delegation, from the party—and up to this hour letter after letter has arrived—as many expressions of assent as just now from the mass of the Comrades, also from Switzerland, Austria, Belgium, England. From German Comrades, not from the other ones. These are all glad that now at last a collar has been put around the dog's neck—so to say. (Great applause.) This is the frame of mind of which in Berlin, and especially at the office of our main organ, nothing at all has been seen and heard. (Great applause. Cries of regret.)

(To be continued next week.)

NOW READY!

FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY
FIRST IMPRESSION, 2500 Copies

AUGUST BEBEL'S GREAT BOOK

WOMAN UNDER SOCIALISM

From the German by
DANIEL DE LEON

With Translator's Preface and Footnotes

PORTRAIT AND SYMBOLICAL
COVER DESIGN

Cloth, 400 Pages Price, \$1.00

NEW YORK LABOR NEWS CO.,
PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS

2 to 6 New Reade Street
New York City

No Socialist Should be Without This
Book . . . No Advocate of Woman's
Rights Should Miss It . . . All Should
Read It

WEEKLY PEOPLE

2, 4 and 6 New South St., New York.
P. O. Box 1596. Tel. 159 Franklin.

Published Every Saturday by the
Socialist Labor Party.

Entered as second-class matter at the
New York postoffice, July 13, 1900.

As far as possible, rejected communica-
tions will be returned, if so desired, and
stamps are enclosed.

SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES:

In 1888	2,068
In 1892	21,157
In 1896	35,564
In 1900	34,191
In 1904	53,763

The method of production and distribu-
tion of the products of labor is and
always has been the basis upon which
everything else rests—the political, the
religious, the social life of the
people—no matter in what age or
what country.—Marx.

THE NEWS FROM RUSSIA.

Consumers of the commodity "news,"
retailed by the private factories known
as "newspapers," will have to be wide-
awake, or they stand a good chance of
one of these days being greatly surprised
at the tidings they will read from Rus-
sia. When the war first broke out, these
papers ran over with despatches telling
of the wave of patriotism that was ris-
ing all over Russia, and at "the
unbounded manifestations of confidence
for the Czar,"—these despatches were
false. Presently, and that is the stage
of "shoddy" news the public now is in,
the truth regarding what is actually go-
ing on in Russia forced itself upon the
despatches to the extent that the ex-
istence of opposition to the government
is somewhat admitted. These reformed
despatches now announce that the Rus-
sian government "has forbidden demon-
strations of patriotism because they were
apt to lead to counter demonstrations." Both premises and conclusion are naive.
No sane man will deny that there are
elements, and not slight ones, in Russia
who either out of selfish or other motives
are fired with a sincere desire to see their
country mop the soil of Manchuria and
Corea with the Japs; nor will anyone be
silly enough to claim that the Russian
government is above the methods regu-
larly adopted by the British government
whenever it considers desirable to have
popular demonstrations of enthusiasm
in behalf of the British crown. That
there are in Russia demonstrations truly
meant as "patriotic," or that such can
be had goes without saying. The ques-
tion is, however, whether many of the
demonstrations that are announcing
themselves as patriotic in Russia, are not
setting up the claim as a foil, as a mask;
whether their real purpose is not just the
reverse of what the Russian government
would consider patriotic; and whether
the government sees through the mask,
and so seeing is stopping them? That is
the rub.

Revolutions, on the point of breaking
out, often have most hypocritical ways
about them. Going no further, even for
an illustration than our own South Amer-
ican sister republics, the revolution that
drew off the yoke of Spain was inaugu-
rated under a most patriotic disguise.
Napoleon had entered Spain, overthrown
and imprisoned the King, Ferdinand VII,
and set his own brother, Joseph Bonaparte,
on the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella.
The revolutionary movement in
South America, which had been agitating,
stirring and organizing against Spain
upon straight-out lines for twenty years,
that was ripe enough to break out at any
moment, and that, simply, awaited a
"pretext," now saw the opportunity.
Their "beloved King" Ferdinand had been
seized! Could any more patriotic
sentiment be conceived? "Ferdinand
VII! Down with Joseph Bonaparte!"—
thus ran the rallying cry from the
mouths of the Orizaba to the snow-
capped peaks of the Andes. Could any
more patriotic device be framed? But
warriors and their satraps have been
seen. The Spanish government, explaining
and other officials did not like
these "patriotic demonstrations," and did
all they could to stop them. The Spanish
officials were denounced by the "patriots"
as "Bonapartists," and to the orchestra-
tion of "Ferdinand VII! Down with Joseph
Bonaparte!" the real Spanish peo-
ple and representative of Spanish rule
were hunted off, while the Bonapartist

who saw through the pretext, and were
witness enough to say so and to act ac-
cordingly, were strung up to the nearest
tamarind trees by the "patriotic demon-
strators." Soon after the mask was
dropped, and when Ferdinand VII was
restored to his throne, the soldiers he
sent down to South America were no
longer greeted with cries of "Ferdinand
VII!" but with the cry of "Down with
Spain!" and were rolled into the sea.
May not the "patriotic demonstrations"
that are now annoying the Russian gov-
ernment be of similar kind? More than
one fact accessible to this office points
to the conclusion; the circumstance,
moreover, that the Russian government—
mind, the knout government of Russia—
is naively said to be stopping demon-
strations favorable to itself because of
the unfavorable ones that the former
promote, instead of its merely stamping
out the latter in its habitual and drastic
style,—that circumstance confirms the
theory that the Russian "patriotic demon-
strations" are probably of the same
feather as the South American ones in
favor of Ferdinand VII. In which case
the credulous consumers of the private
capitalist out-put of "news" have a sur-
prise in store for them.

Revolutions, bona fide ones, agitate,
educate and organize upon clean-cut lines
and are straight forward—up to the
moment of breaking out. At that moment,
and for a moment, they frequently be-
come paragon of hypocrisy. It is a curi-
ous fact, and yet true.

HIS, THEIR CHANCE!

The surgical feat accomplished on Miss
Wilton comes opportunely for Mr. Car-
roll D. Wright now that he is about to
roll up his statistical office, and seeing,
moreover, that he has taken to the lec-
ture platform as a more lucrative oc-
cupation than that of doctoring statistics
in favor of capitalism.

Miss Charlotte Wilton is the 18-year
old girl whose shocking accident some two
weeks ago. She was an employee of the
International Manufacturing Company,
17th street and Willow avenue. On the
morning of February 17, just after the
mill machinery started, she took down
her long hair to re-braid it, something
necessary at the mill. Owing to the
defective safety appliances at the mill,
a wisp of hair was drawn into the shaft
by air suction. In an instant her hair
was winding and winding around, her
head was drawn to the guard around the
shaft, and when her head could go no
further her scalp was torn off from an
inch above the eyebrows to the back of
the neck. To-day Miss Wilton enjoys
her scalp and luxurious hair growth back
again. A matchless feat of surgery has
bestowed back to her the comfort of a
scalp and the adornment of "the crown
on woman's head."

This is Mr. Carroll D. Wright's chance.
The young woman's experience furnishes
the gentleman with a mighty trombone
and clarinet combination with which to
blow the praises of capitalism. Has not
Mr. Wright's moral-intellectual twin,
Herbert Spencer, sought to praise war on
the ground that it was and is war that
drove and drives men to inventions that
are turned to the uses of peace? So
now, Mr. Wright has in hand an argu-
ment to praise capitalism with. Thanks
to capitalism the science of surgery has
been promoted and perfected. How
could the matchless feat of readjusting
a ripped up scalp ever be accomplished
if capitalism did not rip them up? How
could the surgical genius of man ever
have an opportunity to develop to the
point of such skill, as is required to re-
store ripped up scalps to their native
skulls, if capitalism did not furnish the
opportunity by first ripping them up?
What if capitalism, as the visionary So-
cialists claim, implies recklessness of em-
ployes' life and limb and breaches of
law in not providing the proper safety
appliances that would prevent scalps
from being ripped? What if it? No
absence of such safety appliances, the
existence of such safety appliances,
would mean no capitalism, and that, in
turn, would mean no opportunities at
least greatly, very greatly, reduced op-
portunities for the development of the
surgical skill. True enough, Indians also
scalp, and in so far illustrate how in-
tuitive is the genius of capital that it
manifests itself even among uncivilized
races, and none so low but indig-
nity in some such practice. But the Indian,
while he produces the opportunity, de-
prives it from being turned to advan-
tage. He does not keep surgeons ready
at hand to develop their genius on the
scalps. Not so with the more civilized
capitalist class. It both furnishes the
opportunity and the means to utilize it:
it rips the scalps and breeds the sur-
geons. Capitalism, therefore, is at once

"the path, the handmaid, and the crown-
ing glory of civilization."

What a matchless chance for Mr. Car-
roll D. Wright, almost as matchless as
that furnished to the surgeons in the
case of Miss Wilton! The only danger
is that if Mr. Carroll D. Wright does
not hasten to utilize the chance, it is
so magnificent that the Hon. Bourke
Cockran may pre-empt it!

A BACK NUMBER, AND PROUD OF IT

The "American Federationist" truly
the organ of the British or pure and
simple style of Unionism, is not merely
stupid, but proud of its stupidity. Its
issue for this month has an article by
A. S. Leitch on "Hard Times" that is
simply idiotic, but not satisfied with
that, the paper has gone to the trouble
of printing the article as an extra, send-
ing it out as a special, and thereby
flaunt the low down grade of the pure
and simple intellect. It is interesting
to examine the thing.

Mr. Leitch admits that there are
"hard times," that is the name the gen-
tleman gives to crises. And he realizes
that one is on. How does he account
for the phenomenon. These are his own
words:

"Take, for instance, a corporation em-
ploying 5,000 or more men. There is a
desire to squeeze out greater dividends
—or, perhaps, the boss stockholder
wishes to buy a red automobile (or a
Mexican monkey to preside at a drunk-
en banquet at Newport). So up goes
a notice in the workshops that on ac-
count of the (anticipated) depressed
financial conditions, wages will be de-
creased 25 per cent. On pay-day some
\$5,000 less goes to the local butchers,
bakers, and other business men. These
tradesmen hasten to rescind or renege
on orders, and factories and mills a thou-
sand miles away feel the cut. They in
turn lay off hands and cut wages."

One can hardly imagine possible such
imbecility!

According to this theory, an indus-
trial phenomenon such as the crisis, that
to-day takes in the whole capitalist
world, is brought on because one, or say,
all capitalists decide to invest in red au-
tomobiles, or Mexican monkeys, or in
personal extravagance. And the sapient
theorizer does not perceive the assinnity
of his closing paragraph. If the per-
sonal extravagance of a capitalist is the
cause that \$5,000 are withheld from the
local butchers, bakers and other busi-
ness men, as he says, then \$5,000, simul-
taneously steered into the tills of the
"butchers, bakers and other business
men" of the locality where the "red
automobile or Mexican monkey" are
bought? If extravagance in things that
can not be bought in the locality and
therefore withdraws money from that
locality is the cause of hard times in
that locality, must it not inevitably fol-
low that the same extravagance that
pours money into another locality must
bring about flush times there? How
then comes it that "mills a thousand
miles away feel the cut, and "in turn
lay off hands and cut wages"? How
comes it that industrial crises are no
longer "local" but international?

The above analysis and question dis-
pose of Mr. Leitch's theory that the per-
sonal extravagance of the capitalist
are the cause of hard times. The above
analysis sufficiently points to the fact
that, so far from being the cause, the
personal extravagance of the capitalists
rather retard the arrival of hard times.
These extravagances set free moneys that
otherwise would remain locked in the
coffers of the individual capitalists, and
thereby tend to keep up trade—a phe-
nomenon that has caused another set of
owls to imagine that capitalist luxury
was the safety valve of trade, and the
free indulgence in such luxury the so-
lution of the Labor Problem.

Hard times are not produced by per-
sonal extravagance, nor can personal ex-
travagance solve the Social Problem.

Hard times, or crises, are the joint
product of two twin facts that dove tail
into each other—first the private owner-
ship of the land on and the plant or
capital with which wealth is produced;
and secondly, the resulting competitive
and anarchic system pursued by these
private owners.

The first of these causes sentences
Labor to the status of merchandise,
and consequently keeps it with its nose
to the grindstone—only a few days from
the soup house.

The second, causes production to be
carried on by concerns who cannot sep-
arately be correctly informed on the
facts needed to decide upon the output.
As moreover, these concerns are in the
mutual throat-cutting business, politely
called competition, they produce infinite-
ly more than they can sell in the end.
When the stoppage of sales comes, pro-
duction stops. And as the workman
only got barely enough to live, stoppage

to him means stoppage all along the line.

It follows that, so far from being a
force that makes against hard times,
the pure and simple trades union is a
force that decidedly promotes hard
times. The pure and simple trades union
aims at preserving capitalism and it
aims at helping the capitalists on the
theory that their interests are reciproc-
al. Accordingly, the pure and simple
glories in flush times, these being the
times when it recruits its membership.
But as shown above, flush times are the
inevitable precursors of hard times. It
is an axiom that the more the working
class produces the sooner it throws it-
self out of work. Having "reciprocal in-
terests with the capitalists," and the
capitalist being anxious to produce
plentifully, in sails and pure and simple
union to help the capitalists. Moreover,
as these unions do not utilize the sun-
shine of prosperity to make the hay of
getting themselves in possession of the
government, when the crisis comes they
are out in the cold, with the wind blow-
ing upon them from all sides.

Mr. Leitch's article, of which the "Fed-
erationist" seems to be radiantly proud,
illustrates that while production has
become international, and civilization
has the globe for its basis, the pure and
simple union is still a "local" affair, has
its horizon bounded by conditions that
no longer exist.

And Mr. Leitch is a luminary in that
camp, and the other luminaries are
proud of him!

SENATOR BAILEY'S DEFINITION.

Senator Bailey from Texas delivered
in the Senate a speech that, as most
of the speeches delivered at this ses-
sion of Congress, was intended for cam-
paign uses. The Senator, being a Demo-
crat, sought to furnish his own party
with campaign arguments; being a man
of acknowledged talent and probity, the
maxims he laid down may be consid-
ered basic with the Democracy. It is
well to look at these maxims, at least
at one of them.

In endeavoring to define the scope of
government the Senator said:

"We (the Democracy) teach that the
Government ought to leave the people
free to make themselves both pros-
perous and happy."

For one thing, the principle is one
that no Democratic legislator observes.

To "leave the people free," means
hands off by the Government. Would
Senator Bailey favor the abolition of
the law that deprives people of the right
to enforce a debt contracted by a mag-
istrate upon his salary? He would not.
Magistrates' exemption on that score
is considered essential to public policy.
Would he abolish the law that protects
women, sailors and children in a num-
ber of cases, holding them free from cer-
tain obligations that they may have
contracted? He would not. The theory
of the law exempting them is that, due
to their condition, they are subject to
imposition. No need of multiplying ex-
amples. Those quoted are enough to
prove that the theory of government, as
enunciated by Senator Bailey is defect-
ively enunciated. In fact, it is a con-
tradiction in terms to use "government"
and "freedom" in one breath in any such
definition. The very idea of "govern-
ment" presupposes and starts from the
principle that absolute individual free-
dom means collective misery, due to the
inevitable result of the tyranny of the
mightiest. Government restricts free-
dom, and justly so.

So understanding the question, the
principle of Government is not "to leave
the people free," but to prevent, or to
safeguard the people against, being en-
slaved. The science of government is,
accordingly, pivoted on a principle whol-
ly different from that enunciated by
Senator Bailey. The principle upon
which it is pivoted is one that can not
be determined by abstract ideas, but
where the abstract idea, the pursuit of
happiness, is conditioned upon material
facts so must government shape itself.
No rhetoric has any place in the premises.

What, then, are the material facts
surrounding the people to-day? The
overwhelming majority of the people are
at no intents and purposes as much in
need of protection as sailors, women and
children. The lack of the necessary
capital with which to hold their own in
the competitive struggle for existence
compels rafts of people to enter into
disastrous contracts with the employer
class "in consideration of employment;"
it compels them to submit to imposition;
it compels them to lead the lives of
drudges, as completely secluded from the
glories of the century as if they lived
several centuries back;—in short, the
material fact of capitalism prevents the

pursuit of happiness. Rational govern-
ment must consider the fact, and con-
sidering, and ever keeping in mind its
mission, the safeguarding of the people
against being enslaved, it must—upon
the same principle that it provides
against footpads, etc., etc., restricting
the freedom of these marauders—provide
such methods and establish such forms
as shall block the capitalist class in its
tyrannous course against the working
class. The government that does not can
not be said to be one that "leaves the
people to make themselves prosperous
and happy."

And that is a feature of the Demo-
cratic party, in which strawberly mark
its twinning with the Republican party
is recognizable; and therefore every one
with eyes to see and brains to understand
what he sees will turn his back upon
both and upon all the parties that fuse
with either, and rank himself under the
banner of the Socialist Labor Party.

HANNA, ALL AROUND ILLUSTRATIVE.

It is timely, now that funeral eulogies
are being printed over the late Senator
Hanna, to turn over the leaves of history,
and find out and republish certain inter-
esting facts. They will throw light upon
the gentleman, above all they will throw
light upon the social system that Mr.
Hanna and his praise-singers uphold. The
pages of history that we would turn
to are not ancient; they are freshly
modern.

In the city of Cleveland, O., Mr. Han-
na's home, the rolls of the tax assess-
ment showed that the homes owned or
nominally owned by 3,000 small middle-
class folks were worth in the aggregate
\$10,000,000 and were taxed at an average
of 66 PER CENT., or \$6,600,000. The
same rolls showed that the street rail-
road, then in large part owned by Mr.
Hanna, and also worth \$10,000,000, was
taxed at \$600,000, or at 6 PER CENT.!!
Stick a pin there!

The discovery created a commotion in
Cleveland, and the then Democratic ad-
ministration, partly anxious to seem to
be made up of better material than its
Republican competitor, and partly out
of the innate dullness and visionariness
characteristic of the Democratic party,
proceeded with a great clatter "to remedy
the outrage." Thereupon that took place,
that, if anything is even more instruc-
tive than the capitalist's cheating of the
government. Mr. Hanna hurried to Colum-
bus, where the Ohio legislature was then
in session, and forthwith a law was
passed that cut off the heads of the
Cleveland officials in question. The new
law created a State Board of Apprais-
ment, upon whom was conferred the power
to appoint for the city of Cleveland
officials to take the place of those who
had un-Americanly, un-patriotically, un-
Christianly uncovered the Hanna cheat!
Stick there a pin too.

The next page is obviously foreshad-
owed by the one just preceding. Almost
the first act of the newly created board
was to change the new assessment levied
against the Hanna street-railroad prop-
erty and reducing it to \$1,000,000! The
pins may now be pulled off.

Without the protecting power of gov-
ernment the capitalist class could not
stand a day. Shielded by the govern-
ment, the capitalist class flourishes, and
what some of its methods are the above
three pages tell. To attack the capital-
ist anywhere and leave him in control
of the government is a child's thought.
The badger must be smoked out of his
base of strength—the NATIONAL GOV-
ERNMENT, and all his minor fastnesses
of State and local administration.

The Darlington disaster is a repetition
of the Iroquois fire in another form. The
cause—the desire to avoid the necessary
outlay for improved material—is essen-
tially the same in both cases. Those re-
sponsible for the Chicago disaster have
not, as yet, been tried and convicted, and
it is not likely that those responsible for
the Darlington collapse will be. Innocent
employees will be made the scapegoats in
both instances.

The social revolution must first begin
in the minds of the working class. Its
members must realize their condition
and historic mission. There are no means
better suited to this end than The Daily
and Weekly People. Advance the cir-
culation of these revolutionizers of work-
ing class thought and you advance the
revolution in society.

Secretary Cortelyou is going to speak
in the leading cities on the value of his
department to capitalist interests. This
is as it should be. Though Cortelyou's
department is called "The Department of
Commerce and Labor," the only part
labor plays in it, is in the title.

Cleveland is a friend of the negroes,
but he does not care to have it said that
he dined with one of them. It's about
time the negroes were saved from their
friends.

SHOT NO. 1.

The Louisville, Ky., "Journal of
Labor," well known as an organ of the
capitalist class has gathered a long
string of questions which it heads "Per-
tinent Questions for Socialists to An-
swer." It is not our habit to answer
the dog that barks from behind a fence.
For the canine we keep the toes of our
shoes, should he get too near. But even
if he remains at a distance, if he is too
insolent, we see to—what? To him? No!
To his master. And so now, especially
seeing that his master—the pie-bald
combination that feeds and eggs him on
—has been stupid enough to expose him-
self through these questions as a target
that it will be fun to riddle with shot.
So now and at it, shot after shot—at
the master.

One of the questions is:
"If a man like Elias Howe invents
a sewing machine, which is of incalculable
benefit to society, why should he be
robbed of the real net value of his in-
vention?"

He should not be robbed; and it is
just because, among the iniquities of
capitalism, is the daily robbery of the
inventor and the robber capitalist then
does what all robbers do, uses his stolen
property as a scourge to others, that
Socialism is in the field.

Here are a few instances:
The Bousac case. An inventor was
robbed of his invention on the ground
that the inventor had made a contract
to give all his inventions to the company
in consideration of employment. He had
been in the employ of the company but,
when he made the invention and all the
time he was perfecting it, he had no
wages and himself disbursed all his ex-
penses.

The Dempsey case. The inventor was
robbed of his chemical discoveries in col-
oring dye-stuffs, on the ground that "it
would be intolerable to the employer (it
was the employer, whom the inventor
wanted to quit, who robbed him of the
fruit of his genius), to be made depend-
ent upon his employee, who could then
tyrannize over him."

Still more recently is the case decided
by the United States Circuit Court of
Appeals for the First Circuit. This was
another case in which "in consideration
of employment" an employee had agreed
that the employer was to have the bene-
fit of all the inventions made by the
employee, and that he was "to keep the
same for ever secret" if required by the
employer. The courts were resorted to
by the employer in order to keep the
patlock on the inventor's mouth. He
pleaded that the keeping of such a se-
cret, thereby depriving society of its
advantages, as the dog-in-the-manger
employer exacted, was "unconscionable
and against public policy." The capitalist
Court held against the employee, declar-
ing such a demand on the part of the
employer to be neither unconscionable
nor against, but positively, in favor of,
public policy!

And still more recently, the case of
Henry K. Goodwin now in a Massachu-
setts prison. Senator Callender and Law-
yer Rawley, who wished to get the man
pardoned declared that "the electrical
companies in Massachusetts opposed
Goodwin's release on the ground that
Goodwin had invented a switchboard
which is substantially the one now in
use by the Bell Telephone and New Eng-
land Telephone Companies."!!

It is obvious from two of the above
officially recorded instances that numer-
ous must be the other instances of em-
ployes, who, driven by the capitalist lash
of hunger—for what Elias Howe would
sell his power of invention as "good
measure" to his ordinary labor power for
the starvation wages of employment, ex-
cept he is driven by such lash?—meekly
allow their capitalist employer to rob
them of their invention. Equally
obvious is the fact, known, moreover,
from common observation that the robbed
inventor is too poor to bring and keep
his case long enough in court so as to
reach a decision, and be regularly en-
tered on the records as a robbed in-
ventor. The United States courts on
patent decisions run over with proofs
of the fact that under capitalism inven-
tors are robbed of their inventions by the
capitalists, and that the capitalist courts
are there to obscure the show of evil
with a decision, and the capitalist par-
sons, of all creeds, are there to bless
and approve the robbery with a text,
by blessing and approving capitalism, and
by slandering Socialism.

When capitalists declare that Socialism
would rob the inventor, and thereby im-
ply that capitalism protects him, it is a
case of the detected thief setting up the
cry of "Stop thief!" The robbery of
most inventors is inevitable under cap-
italist society, because under such a
social system the bulk of useful labor
is and must be robbed by the capitalist
class. Hence Socialism, where the work-
ing class would enjoy their full social
share of their labor, is the sole guaran-
tee, not only against the robbery now
perpetrated on the inventor, but the robbery
perpetrated on the whole working
class.

And there goes one shot through the
poodles' master.

Workingmen must have a press of
their own, in order to be heard. All
those workingmen who desire emancipa-
tion should support the press of the So-
cialist Labor Party, which is maintained
in the interest of the working class;
first, last and all the time.



UNCLE SAM AND BROTHER JONATHAN.

BROTHER JONATHAN—I've got you
Socialists at last!

UNCLE SAM—You might have got us
at first, perhaps—perhaps—if you had
tried it sooner.

B. J.—No joking, I have got ya.

U. S.—How?

B. J.—I'll tell ye. And I'll also tell y
how at one fell swoop I'm going to ge
even with you. You have been callin
me all manner of names—"noodle,"
"lunkhead"—

U. S.—"Donkey"—

B. J.—Yes, "donkey," too; and have
only knows what else. Now I'm going
to soak all that back to ye.

U. S.—I'm ready. If you are right I'll
cry "Hold!"

B. J.—Didn't you say the other day at
a meeting that in the Indian commu-
nities property was held in common?

U. S.—I did.

B. J.—And didn't you say that Social-
ism aimed at the same thing?

U. S.—I did, in so far as the land and
the tools of production are concerned.

B. J.—Even so. Common property in
tools of production and land.

U. S.—(with a wink)—Yep!

B. J.—And there's where I got you.
You want to bring us back to the con-
dition of the Indian. Your Socialism is
nothing but reaction, barbarism, "sav-
agery, death to civilization, and you are
a "noodle." a—

U. S.—Was that your grind?

B. J.—Yes! Get out of it if you can!

U. S.—According to your reasoning, a
change that adopts anything that once
was and ceased to be is reaction and con-
trary to civilization; is that it?

B. J.—Yes; and seeing that the In-
dian—

U. S.—Never mind the Indian just now;
stick to my line of argument. To-day,
under capitalism, we have the individual
system of ownership of the tool; haven't
we?

B. J.—Exactly.

U. S.—And is Your Noddleship aware
of the fact that that was exactly the
system of ownership that prevailed
under SAVAGERY, that is to say, a stage
of human progress that PRECEDED that
of the Indian?

B. J.—Wh—wh—what!

U. S.—Yes, sir. It would follow, from
your way of reasoning, that Capitalism,
being with its system of private owner-
ship akin to savagery, is not "civiliza-
tion," and that, even if it were true,
which is not, that Socialism walked back
to the status of the Indian, Socialism
would be progress compared with Cap-
italism, which stands on the savage plane,
the pre-Indian plane, of private owner-
ship. Eh? (Poking B. J. in the ribs.)

B. J. takes out a square yard of hand-
kerchief, takes off his hat, mops the per-
spiration off his head and face, and
wringing out the water, which runs off in a
stream, .

According to a Boston dispatch, at a
meeting of the Board of Directors of the
New England Shoe and Leather Associa-
tion held on the second inst., a resolu-
tion was adopted saying that as the shoe
and leather business has for several years
been hampered in its operations by the
duty on hides imposed by the Dingley
bill, and as the present policy of the lead-
ers in Congress forbid any change in the
tariff, it is, therefore, the opinion of
the association that the duty should be
repealed at once and that the so-called
"stand pat" position is unwise and de-
trimental to the best interests of the
country.

This is typical of the capitalists.
They always present their private inter-
ests as those of the entire population.
When the entire population, however,
shows an inclination to make these in-
terests actually its own, the capitalists
assert the "rights of private property,"
and illustrate what they really mean by
"the best interests of the country."

The case of Monk Eastman is now
causing much discussion. A ruffian of
the worst type, the imposing array of
counsel acting in his defense has pro-
voked the wonder of all. They can't un-
derstand how he does it. There is no
mystery about it. Eastman is a type
now common in all the leading Ameri-
can cities. A goucher, he is employed
by wealthy men to do their dirty work.
A bruiser, East Side politicians find him
necessary to their success. Of value to
both, both stand ready to be of value to
him. As long as the capitalists find it
necessary to employ the Eastmans in
both private and public capacities they
will continue to exist. Decent people

CORRESPONDENCE

A "SOCIALIST KILLER'S" IGNORABLE DEFEAT.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—Last week Social Louisville had occasion to "kill" a local labor fakir. This week we are in the enviable position to "show up" a "local would-be Socialist killer," in the person of a capitalist editor, one R. W. Knott, of "The Evening Post."

About a week ago there appeared in the "Post" an editorial, whose silly and false statements were promptly answered by our Comrade Schmutz, in the following manner, viz.:

"Editor, 'Evening Post':—It was with feelings of regret and amusement that I read your editorial in yesterday's 'Evening Post,' entitled 'Paternalism and Socialism.'"

"Regret, because an otherwise fairly good editor, should show such a lack of knowledge on such an important subject, and amusement, because you seem to think all your readers are as uninformed as yourself."

"Taking for granted therefore that your statements are simply due to a lack of information, I will proceed to give you a lesson on Socialism by criticizing your utterances."

"Your first false statement is 'that paternalism and Socialism have a faint dividing line.' The truth being that paternalism and Socialism have nothing in common whatsoever, paternalism being 'state capitalism,' whereas Socialism demands the democratic organization of industry, art, and science, under working-class control and supervision."

"Next, you say the aim and end of government is to secure every man, woman, and child, life and liberty. Yes; 'property,' of a personal nature, yes; but property in the means of production and exchange, no; for the latter is just the thing that destroys both the life and liberty of the wage-working class to-day."

"Your next statement is 'Socialism is a bad substitute for personal liberty.' How do you know? Since Socialism is a future state of society, how can we judge of the merits or demerits of such future society?"

"Your next remarks about 'State Socialism,' 'college Socialism,' and 'church Socialism,' I will pass by, as no such things exist, except possibly in the distorted imaginations of capitalist editors."

"As to being forced to ask permission of the Democratic officials you quote, before 'going into business,' or 'making investments,' permit me to inform you that in a Socialist Republic there will be no such thing as 'going into business' or 'making investments.' Now wouldn't this jar you?"

"Your next statement that Congress, our legislature, the Fiscal Court, the City Council, etc., are all working for Socialism, is too ridiculous to deserve any further answer, for every child knows that these institutions are all working for State capitalism, or private graft, from the Panama Congressional graft down to our numerous City Council grafts."

"Regarding the free school book question, the distribution of such books have become necessary under capitalism, because a large number of parents are too poor to purchase such books. As to the principle involved, I will say that Socialists cannot agree with you there, as the whole thing smacks too much of charity, as at present conducted. Charity always lowers and degrades true manhood and manhood, and would certainly have no room in a Socialist Commonwealth whose motto is justice."

"Your final statement that 'Socialism and Democracy are not reconcilable,' is the most glaring and contradictory statement of all; as just the reverse is the truth, namely, 'Socialism is the crowning fruit and completion of genuine Democracy,' for without industrial or economic Democracy, political Democracy is well-nigh meaningless and barren."

"In conclusion, and to complete this lesson, Mr. Editor, there can only be one Socialism; namely the supremacy of the wage-working or producing class, politically, economically, and socially, all else is moonshine. Besides your numerous misstatements all the allusions you make refer to one and the same thing, viz. State capitalism, the very opposite of Socialism."

"Trusting that you will make these corrections and guard your utterances on this subject in the future, I remain, yours for the truth,"

Albert Schmutz, Secretary, Kentucky State Committee, Socialist Labor Party."

So much for the letter. Comrade Schmutz personally left it at the office of the "Post" stating, at the same time, that he would call two days later to get the article if not used for the "Post," which the city editor promised to do. When the comrade called the city editor showed him up stairs to the sanctum of the big mogul, the aforesaid Knott. The comrade asked for the article (as the editor had not been published), but the editor informed him that he had torn it up as it was entirely too abusive and insulting for publication.

The comrade asked him to point out some of the abuse, and the editor fairly puffed at him, that the article said he was talking about Socialism. The comrade answered Knott that this was true, and the editorial was the best proof of the truth of this assertion.

By this time Knott was red in the

face by the quiet answers and questions of the comrade that he jumped from the chair and moved forward in a threatening manner. The comrade, not desiring to get into a fistfight argument (probably the only kind of argument Knott is capable of), here quietly withdrew, saying as he went, "This article will be published just the same, Mr. Knott, and I am glad I have made your personal acquaintance, for now I will be no longer surprised at any editorial emanating from your pen."

The fellow has a clean-shaven sky-pilot face, but his actions and manners resemble more those of a Democratic ward heeler than those of an intelligent editor.

However, capitalist newspapers can use almost any kind of editors, for when they are badly worried in argument they claim that they are abused, and refuse publication to articles that would serve to expose their misrepresentations and bare-faced lies. Our daily papers, however, being but capitalist strumpets, must do the bidding of their masters, all of which should teach the S. L. P. members the necessity of aiding and upholding our own Daily People.

Press Committee, Section Louisville, Ky., Louisville, Ky., Feb. 22.

THE STRIKE IN PARRY'S PLANT.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—Having seen only the briefest of notices of the strike in D. M. Parry's plant, in the Eastern newspapers, I thought the following detailed account from the "Indianapolis News" of Friday, Feb. 26, would prove worth sending on, with some comments, to The People:

"D. M. Parry, president of the Citizens' Industrial Association of America, awoke this morning to the realization that non-union men sometimes adopt the strike as their method of protesting against the actions of employers. The craters and hangers in the Parry plant went out on strike. The strike, however, lasted only a few seconds—the strikers being summarily dismissed and the affair shifted to the basis of a lockout."

"There is considerable difference between the statements of the men who went out and the company regarding the number of men involved, the former placing the number at seventy-five, D. M. Parry placing it at fourteen. According to the statements made by the men, the company, beginning last August, has been cutting wages. The work in the department is done on the piecework plan. A cut of 10 cents on ironing off jobs was made last August the men say. Another one of 5 cents followed, and then several other cuts until, they say, that with the cut to-day, the price has been reduced from 71 cents before August to 52 cents now on each job."

"The last cut was 2 cents on each job taken off the craters and hangers by the company and added to the wages of their helpers. Previously the company had cut 6 cents a job off their wages, and had added it to the wages of the helpers. The men said they had no knowledge of a repetition of such a plan at this time until they received their pay to-day and saw that the reduction had been made."

"They said they held a hurried conference and decided to stop unless the matter was straightened out and the reduction restored. They say the superintendent said: 'If any of you want to talk with me individually come to me; otherwise all get out.' They say that almost all of the men 'got out.'"

"D. M. Parry said: 'The company was not attempting to reduce wages. There was a great inequality between the wages of the craters and hangers, and their helpers and we simply sought to equalize the pay. We took 2 cents off of the craters and hangers in the spring wagon department and added it to the helpers' wages, because we thought it just.'"

"The craters and hangers say that before the first 'cuts' were made last August, a good man was able to make about \$2.25 a day. They say that they have been able to make only about \$1.90 a day during the last few months, and that they could not stand the cut. According to the statement of the company the craters and hangers have been making much higher wages than they state."

"D. M. Parry said the places of the men who quit were being filled up, and that the company would not be inconvenienced in operating its plant."

This account should leave no doubt in the minds of those who believe unionism to be the cause of industrial troubles, that they are mistaken. Nor should it permit those who too-boo-boo combined action on the part of the working class to continue in their course. Both should learn that union or no union the antagonistic interests of capital and labor create industrial troubles, and force combined action on the part of the working class. The latter is an inherent result of capitalism and it can only be ended by ending capitalism."

This account further gives a clear idea of Parry's idea of "equality," admitting the truth of his statement that he made the last reduction in craters and hangers' wages in order to pay more to the spring wagon department helpers' wages. His equalization is made at the expense of one branch of labor as against another branch, but never at the expense of capital. Of course, this is a convenient method of setting one branch

of labor in selfish antagonism to another, to the profit of the employer, but it offers no explanation of the reason for the series of cuts from 71 cents to 52 cents a day on the craters and hangers' wages. Parry's "equality," then, is a compound of division and falsification.

The whole strike is important in that it defines Parry's idea of "free" labor. "Free" labor, according to this strike, is labor that the employer is free to exploit as his profits demand. "Free" labor is labor without any restrictions on the employer, and all of them on the employee.

That Parry filled up the places of the strikers without any difficulty, shows that there is plenty of other free labor, i. e., labor free from employment, in the land waiting to embrace the freedom of Parryism, which, of course, is the antithesis of the horrible slavery of Socialism that Parry so disinterestedly condemns.

J. B. D.

Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 28.

WHAT THEY ARE ORGANIZER FOR.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—No better illustration of the bad effect of ignoring the class struggle on the part of pure and simpleminded could be given than the following horrible example:

Scene—Street corner in San Jose, Cal., crowd listening to an S. L. P. speaker. S. L. P. Speaker—Turning to a member of Bix 6, International Typographical Union of New York: Are you organized to fight the capitalist class?

Member Bix 6—No!

S. L. P. Speaker—Are you organized to obtain concessions from the capitalist class?

Member Bix 6—No!

S. L. P. Speaker—In the name of common sense what are you organized for?

Member Bix 6—We are organized to fight Col. Otis of Los Angeles, Cal.

Crowd—Oh! Ha! Ha! Ha!

As the fight against Otis is backed by W. R. Hearst, who is running an opposition newspaper in Los Angeles, the "Oh! Ha! Ha! Ha!" of the crowd was not without significance.

E. B. Mercader.

San Jose, Cal., Feb. 24.

UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENTS OF PROVIDENCE S. L. P.'S WOMAN'S BRANCH.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—Since the consolidation of the various S. L. P. branches here, the woman's branch has been the ways and means committee of the Section. As such it has been doing considerable within the last few months to raise money to pay the debts of State Committee, contracted during the last campaign.

Our first effort was a bachelor's auction. "Thornton's Advertiser" said of it: "The auction sale of bachelors on Thursday evening, Jan. 28, given by Women's Branch, S. L. P., was a financial success and a social triumph, as all entertainments by Women's Branch always are, and is still the leading topic of conversation, among young and old of all parts of the city."

"A pleasant and apparently happier gathering has not been seen in Olneyville for some time."

The "Journal" also commented favorably, as follows:

"Among the local organizations gradually coming to the front as entertainers is the Women's Branch of the Socialist Labor Party, and the 'bachelors' sale' held in Textile Hall Thursday evening of last week was one effort, a character not soon to be forgotten. The affair was cleverly arranged and some of the bachelors are said to have brought more than they are worth."

The bachelors' auction was a huge success, and reaped a tidy sum. The men were loyal in their support, having charge of coat room, ticket taking and selling, refreshments, etc.

That affair occurred on January 28 and immediately we bent our energies to the planning of another before Lent came in. On February 16, a Valentine party was presented to the public for their amusement. The night was one of the coldest in our section of the country, but many braved the weather, and all had a delightful time. It would have been a crowning triumph for the committee had the weather permitted.

The newspapers again took notice of this affair, both before and after it. The "Advertiser" said in advance:

"THE VALENTINE PARTY."

"Of the Socialist Women's Branch on the 16th promises to be a very splendid affair. These ladies are noted for originality in entertainment and this valentine party will no doubt be equal to their best efforts. Those who attend will be sure of satisfaction that they had a good time."

While the "Journal" came out as follows:

"WHY DON'T SOMEBODY"

"Why don't somebody ask somebody to be somebody's valentine?" This question is an old one, and the Women's Branch of the Socialist Labor Party has taken advantage of 'leap year' to learn why 'somebody' don't ask somebody else. It has sent forth invitations for a party to be held in Textile Hall Tuesday night, and in red ink is the confession: 'You can add and multiply, but you cannot divide my love. It is all yours.' Special inducements are to be offered to Cupid to work overtime."

After the affair, the "Journal" referred to it as follows:

"PRE-LENTEN EVENTS."

"Last evening, the eve of Lent, was a busy one socially. Dancing parties occupied the majority of the local halls. The Women's Branch of the Socialist Labor Party held a 'Valentine Party' in Textile Hall, and the affair was one of the best attended of the events held.

The effort being made by the members of this branch to win favor as entertainers has already gained notice. The recent bachelor sale was a decidedly unique one and the affair of last evening was no ordinary event. The details of the arrangements were carefully planned and the affair proved to be a social success. The hall was tastefully arranged with Japanese lanterns and bright colors.

"In the grand march, which opened the season of dancing, each participant was given a valentine containing the dance order and many pretty verses. With his order was a number and a corresponding number was secured by one of the opposite sex, and the committee members probably feel that they have done something toward answering the question sent out on the invitation cards, 'Why don't somebody ask somebody to be somebody's valentine?'"

"In the success of the undertaking the members did not forget the cry of the Socialists, and in a prominent place on the dance order was printed: 'Workmen of all nations unite. You have nothing to lose, but your chains and the world to gain.'"

Some time ago I saw a Woman's Branch representing some Western State mentioned in the Homestead fund, and I thought perhaps that since our entertainments were so successful, a report of them might be worth printing, as it might be a source of inspiration to our sister organizations.

We are expected, I understand, to give the people of Olneyville something original after Easter. Our thinking caps must therefore be donned. Perhaps the readers of The People could or would suggest something unique.

Very sincerely,

Mrs. R. J. Murray.

72 Appleton St., Prov., R. I., March 2.

A SUGGESTION.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—As the time is approaching for a national convention of the Socialist Labor Party, I would like to have the comrades consider the advisability of holding a national convention annually. It seems to me that a national convention held annually would be of benefit to the party. A grand entertainment of some sort could be held in connection with each convention, the proceeds of which would be held to defray the expense. An annual convention would be the means of engendering greater and deeper enthusiasm and interest and keep the party organized up to date. It would also be a means of parrying blows aimed at the party's welfare either from within or from without.

Granville F. Lombard.

Rutland, Mass., March 1.

HOW THE O. R. T. "PERSUADES" MEMBERSHIP.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—Three years ago, realizing the impotency of the Order of Railway Telegraphers, and the inability to confer lasting benefits upon the telegraphers, I severed my connection with that organization. I was also made to feel, at that time, how completely under the thumb of one man the order is, and that man, "Hank" Perham. He is the individual who tries to instill into the youths who comprise the major portion of his order, how essential the capitalist is, because he gives the laborer work, and how identical their interests are while organizing in opposition to his capitalist partner to get less than 15 per cent. of the dividends of the firm.

"Hank" considers himself and fellow fakirs above and beyond criticism, and was particularly indignant at my temerity in attempting to dim the lustre of the second-hand halo which he imagines sheds its religious glow upon the alabaster brow of Soapy Sammy Gompers. "Hank" always has space in his fakir's own journal for every kind of argument except straight S. L. P. doctrine, and that is too "intolerant" for his dictatorship. Nothing must go into the "Telegrapher" that will deter the dues paying dupes from lining up, and nothing printed that will detract from the adoration which the unsophisticated have for those illustrious men who are leading labor to the slaughter house.

To further his designs upon non-members (and more salary later) he has the standing threat of "no card, no favors" (whatever that amounts to), printed each month next to one of his somnolent editorials.

Some of "Hank's" dupes are taking his advice seriously, as I learned last summer when the station at Rio Grande, where I had been employed for two years, was closed by the railroad company to curtail expenses in May.

I asked for and obtained leave of absence for ninety days, dating from June. I was particular to get a ruling upon the matter from the proper official as to whether my leave of absence began from date I received official leave from his office in June, or from date station was closed, May 9. He stated that the June date would govern.

A few days before the time expired, S. A. Thompson, of Longfellow, Tex., local chairman of the O. R. T., called upon the superintendent to try and induce him to strike my name off the seniority list, in other words, requested my discharge (because I would not join the O. R. T.). He failed, but the incident affords an instructive lesson in the bull-dozing tactics pursued by the officers of labor "unions."

Thompson is an apt pupil and Perham is a stupid teacher, but neither will ever be able to drive thinking men and women into an order with as scabby a record as made by the O. R. T. in 1893 and 1894. There is but one labor organization worthy an honest man's time and best efforts, and that is the S. T. & L. A. on the economic field, supplemented by the class-conscious ballot of the S. L. P. on the political field. Fraternally,

A. S. Dowler,

Finlay, Tex., Feb. 20, 1904.

A GOOD METHOD TO PURSUE.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—Enclosed find \$3.50 to cover my subscription to The Daily People, and one prepaid yearly subscription blank (addressed) for The Weekly People. I have taken time by the forelock in renewing my subscription to The Daily People, so that I may not miss an issue of it, and so that the money may also be used by the management. I will say that if all the comrades would make a specialty of renewing their subs., and sending along others, before expiration, the management might count on gaining ground.

I regret I haven't been able to contribute something to the Homestead Fund as yet. This is not due to laziness and mismanagement, coupled with lack of thrift, as my capitalist boss would say, but to my bad health and little work

against these inroads. Oddest of all, it was from the ranks of these very invaders that the leading feudalities arose. Every lordship was expected to be in the nature of a fort against invasion. 3. We know of no special work on the subject. The facts have to be gleaned from works on the Middle Ages and Buckle's and Guizot's histories of civilization.

"READER," BUTTE, MONT.—Surprised you did not place a squelcher on Thomas A. Hickey out of his own mouth. You could have done so by simply asking him: "If, indeed, the S. L. P. owed you any moneys at the time that you kept the moneys for which The People called you an embezzler, why did you not sue the paper and its Editor for libel?"—That settles it.

E. C. PERKINSVILLE, VT.—Yes, the matter is fully treated there, that is, the theory. As to the figures they are not up to those given in the census of 1900. But do not imagine that even so would be refuters are silenced. One of the questions, for instance, in the string of questions that we give "Shot No. 1" to is an attempt at denial of the miserable pittance that labor receives. Of course, these "refuters" know better; but they are paid to "refute." The figures will be brought up to date at the earliest opportunity.

D. H. JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Why, you miss the point. The Kangaroos have no choice but to take asylum behind the claim that "De Leon is the only one left in the S. L. P." They were driven behind that ditch because they were laughed out of their first ditch that "De Leon bosses the S. L. P." This ditch was wholly untenable, seeing that nobody in the S. L. P. depends for his living upon De Leon. As the "boss" theory could not be swallowed by any but the most assinine, it had to be abandoned and refuge taken behind the present. It does not follow from this that any intelligent man can be deceived by second ditch. It only goes to show that when people get rattled with their own lies they cut wondrous capers. These gentlemen are the obverse of Jehovah. Jehovah made something out of nothing; they make nothing out of something.

J. C. M. FALKIRK, SCOTLAND.—Last week's answer to an inquirer from Southampton, Eng., answers the bulk of your inquiries. The title "The Pilgrim's Shell or Fergan the Quarryman" is the exact translation of the title given by Sue to the story. And the story itself is one of a long series that Sue wrote and that make up two ponderous tomes—larger than Webster's unabridged dictionary—entitled by him "Les Mysteres Du Peuple." The stories cover the most interesting part of the history of Europe from the invasion of Gaul by Julius Caesar down to and inclusive of the revolution that threw down Louis Philippe in 1848. The ponderousness of the manner in which Sue executed the great work went far to defeat its purposes. The general title conceals the fact that the heavy tomes contain a score of stories. That no doubt kept many from starting to read them. Then also, between story and story, there is a dry chronology that fills up the period between the social epoch covered by the previous story and that covered by the next. All these circumstances played into the hands of the usurpatory institutions upon which Sue meant to turn the light, and it has been comparatively easy for them to choke off the work. The S. L. P. will break the spell under which this great work has hitherto lain. The S. L. P. will publish the stories one after another in The People and then in book form, taking each story by itself and dropping the intermediary chronology. There will be no better universal history than that series when complete.

V. W. BOISE CITY, IDAHO.—You understand and rightly appreciate the breach of trust committed upon his party by the Socialist Democratic Mayor Born of Sheboygan. You will not then find it difficult to properly weigh James E. Carey's conduct. Like Born, who was elected on the Socialist Democratic ticket, Carey was elected in December of 1897 on the Socialist Labor Party ticket; like

LETTER-BOX OFF-HAND ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

[NO QUESTIONS WILL BE CONSIDERED THAT COME IN ANONYMOUS LETTERS. ALL LETTERS MUST CARRY A ROMA FIDE SIGNATURE AND ADDRESS.]

W. W. NEW YORK.—The statement was made point-blank in these columns that the standing candidate of the Social Democratic party in 4th Assembly District, Dr. Halpern, is not a citizen. When a man, who claims to be a citizen, is declared not to be one, he and his can not shrug their shoulders, and let it go at that. It is in such a man's power, and it is his duty, to rectify the statement, if it is incorrect. And in such a case he can do so easily. All he has to do is to produce his citizen papers. But, of course, the person to whom he shows them must be a man who can tell the difference between a charter of naturalization and a promissory note at 45 per cent.

J. C. CAMDEN, N. J.—We have no recollection of any question along those lines. Repeat it, and be definite.

H. H. S. HOPEWELL, N. B.—The S. L. P. constitution, adopted at the convention of 1900, and its eyes wide open by the conduct of the privately owned Volkszeitung, provides that no organization of the Party can issue an S. L. P. paper without the consent of the N. E. C., and consequently no individual member can be allowed to play private owner with a Socialist paper. There is, consequently, no Socialist Labor Party paper owned by any private individual.

A. L. KALAMAZOO, MICH.—Inquiry shall be made; you will be notified when the answer is known.

N. S. R. CLEVELAND, O.—Confiscate! What a chestnut! Read this week's editorial "Hanna, All Around Illustrative." You will see that the concern there spoken of dodged almost its whole tax. Doesn't it owe the amount to the government? There is not one capitalist concern that is not in the same box. Writing the water out of the capitalist plants; deduct from what is left the taxes that they cheated the government out of, and the interest due on the amount; deduct from what is then left the fines that they should pay for such and other violations of the law, without which violations they would have gone down long before;—make all these subtractions and there may remain a nickel due to the capitalist. Socialism would disdain to bother about confiscating the nickel. But to be perfectly frank with you, the capitalist would not get it. He would not get it because he belongs in jail for his infraction of the law. While he is locked up the nickel would have to remain in a receiver's hands. It would be perfectly safe there.

A. M. C. WILKINSBURG, PA.—I. We know of no power in the so-called Socialist party national quorum to call for a referendum to expel a state organization, nor in the whole party to do such expelling. You and all those whom these people approach with such or any other claims, which, if true, are capable of documentary demonstration, have a great responsibility when such statements are made to you. Simply demand the document, if the ranter keeps on ranting refuse to listen. It is the only way to stem the flood of slander or of lies that these people live on. Any other course towards them encourages their recklessness of statement. 2. The A. L. U. has adopted quite a radical or revolutionary platform, but it does not live up to it. Only the other day a batch of its members went to Washington to do honor to Roosevelt and they were not expelled.

E. H. BUFFALO, N. Y.—De Leon's speech on the "Burning Question of Trades Unionism" will be given all in one issue of The People. For that reason, and also because he is booked to deliver it in some more places, it can not now be published when so much space is taken with the translations of the stories. These can not be discontinued, seeing that they are proving a great success.

E. B. DETROIT, MICH.—1. Lewis H. Morgan's work does not and cannot treat feudalism. 2. Feudalism arose from the embrace of the Roman Empire and the floods of then barbarians that poured in upon it. The incipient thought in feudalism, strange as it might sound, was "Peace": that is, the raising of bulwarks

efforts, and that is the S. T. & L. A. on the economic field, supplemented by the class-conscious ballot of the S. L. P. on the political field. Fraternally,

A. S. Dowler,

Finlay, Tex., Feb. 20, 1904.

A GOOD METHOD TO PURSUE.

To The Daily and Weekly People:—Enclosed find \$3.50 to cover my subscription to The Daily People, and one prepaid yearly subscription blank (addressed) for The Weekly People. I have taken time by the forelock in renewing my subscription to The Daily People, so that I may not miss an issue of it, and so that the money may also be used by the management. I will say that if all the comrades would make a specialty of renewing their subs., and sending along others, before expiration, the management might count on gaining ground.

I regret I haven't been able to contribute something to the Homestead Fund as yet. This is not due to laziness and mismanagement, coupled with lack of thrift, as my capitalist boss would say, but to my bad health and little work

against these inroads. Oddest of all, it was from the ranks of these very invaders that the leading feudalities arose. Every lordship was expected to be in the nature of a fort against invasion. 3. We know of no special work on the subject. The facts have to be gleaned from works on the Middle Ages and Buckle's and Guizot's histories of civilization.

"READER," BUTTE, MONT.—Surprised you did not place a squelcher on Thomas A. Hickey out of his own mouth. You could have done so by simply asking him: "If, indeed, the S. L. P. owed you any moneys at the time that you kept the moneys for which The People called you an embezzler, why did you not sue the paper and its Editor for libel?"—That settles it.

E. C. PERKINSVILLE, VT.—Yes, the matter is fully treated there, that is, the theory. As to the figures they are not up to those given in the census of 1900. But do not imagine that even so would be refuters are silenced. One of the questions, for instance, in the string of questions that we give "Shot No. 1" to is an attempt at denial of the miserable pittance that labor receives. Of course, these "refuters" know better; but they are paid to "refute." The figures will be brought up to date at the earliest opportunity.

D. H. JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Why, you miss the point. The Kangaroos have no choice but to take asylum behind the claim that "De Leon is the only one left in the S. L. P." They were driven behind that ditch because they were laughed out of their first ditch that "De Leon bosses the S. L. P." This ditch was wholly untenable, seeing that nobody in the S. L. P. depends for his living upon De Leon. As the "boss" theory could not be swallowed by any but the most assinine, it had to be abandoned and refuge taken behind the present. It does not follow from this that any intelligent man can be deceived by second ditch. It only goes to show that when people get rattled with their own lies they cut wondrous capers. These gentlemen are the obverse of Jehovah. Jehovah made something out of nothing; they make nothing out of something.

J. C. M. FALKIRK, SCOTLAND.—Last week's answer to an inquirer from Southampton, Eng., answers the bulk of your inquiries. The title "The Pilgrim's Shell or Fergan the Quarryman" is the exact translation of the title given by Sue to the story. And the story itself is one of a long series that Sue wrote and that make up two ponderous tomes—larger than Webster's unabridged dictionary—entitled by him "Les Mysteres Du Peuple." The stories cover the most interesting part of the history of Europe from the invasion of Gaul by Julius Caesar down to and inclusive of the revolution that threw down Louis Philippe in 1848. The ponderousness of the manner in which Sue executed the great work went far to defeat its purposes. The general title conceals the fact that the heavy tomes contain a score of stories. That no doubt kept many from starting to read them. Then also, between story and story, there is a dry chronology that fills up the period between the social epoch covered by the previous story and that covered by the next. All these circumstances played into the hands of the usurpatory institutions upon which Sue meant to turn the light, and it has been comparatively easy for them to choke off the work. The S. L. P. will break the spell under which this great work has hitherto lain. The S. L. P. will publish the stories one after another in The People and then in book form, taking each story by itself and dropping the intermediary chronology. There will be no better universal history than that series when complete.

V. W. BOISE CITY, IDAHO.—You understand and rightly appreciate the breach of trust committed upon his party by the Socialist Democratic Mayor Born of Sheboygan. You will not then find it difficult to properly weigh James E. Carey's conduct. Like Born, who was elected on the Socialist Democratic ticket, Carey was elected in December of 1897 on the Socialist Labor Party ticket; like

born, whom his Party called to account and who refused to abide by its decision on the ground that his election was a "local affair." Carey refused to abide by the orders of the S. L. P. when it demanded his resignation for betraying the Party, and he gave, just as Born now, for his reason that he owed only local allegiance, and "the people not the S. L. P. had elected him." There are other and subsequent features in Mr. Carey's conduct that go to aggravate his crime, he voted subsequently for an army appropriation, and then almost broke his back trying to lie out of the wrong. But that need not at this moment be considered. The

